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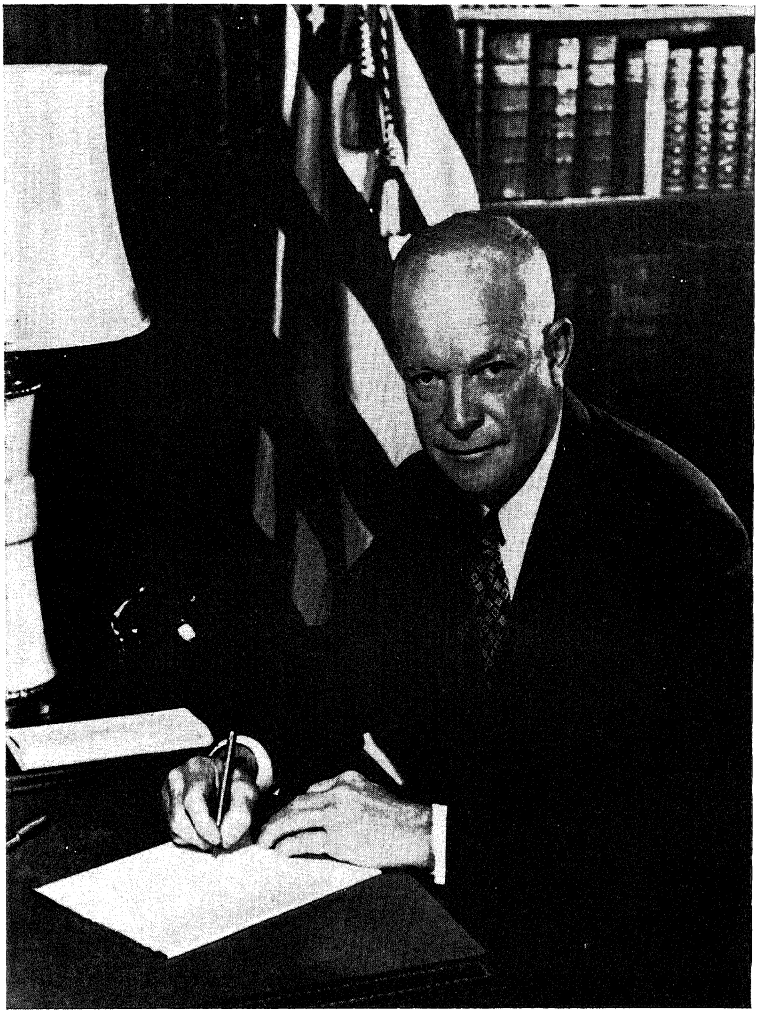

For Monty Snyder - With best wishes to
a friend of World War II days, and ever since!
Dwight D. Eisenhower

My Friend Ike

BY MARTY SNYDER

WITH GLENN D. KITTLER

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To the United States of America
where The President and the Mess Sergeant
can be friends—and are

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CHAPTER ONE

Chicago's "DDE" Day

ON JULY 4, 1952, A WAR BROKE OUT IN CHICAGO. Thousands of Republicans from all over the country began arriving in the Windy City on that day to launch their preparations for choosing a Presidential candidate the following week. By that hot Independence Day, pre-Presidential election fever was already running high. Long before the Spring primaries, ambitious Republicans had spent a lot of money and time wooing Convention delegates. Senator Robert A. Taft, whose ambitions were nobody's secret, had been working at the wooing for years. At the other end of the political scale was "yours truly," a greenhorn at wooing of any kind. But I knew a man I wanted to be the candidate—to be the President, for that matter. Like Senator Taft, I had been working at it for years. Certainly, I was no match for the Senator; I wasn't a match for most of the delegates, either. But the man I wanted nominated meant so much to me, personally and politically, that I was ready to take on any Republican who disagreed with me. A lot of them did. Some of them let me know it with their fists. But when you believe in a man—and if you believe in yourself at the same time, you are willing to take anything anybody can dish out.

It had been ten years since I first met Dwight D. Eisenhower. The circumstances were almost the same: we were getting ready for a war. It was the summer of 1941. Eisen-

hower was then a lieutenant colonel, working as chief of staff to Lt. Gen. Walter Kruger, commander of III Army. I was mess sergeant of the 205 Military Police Company, V Corps, at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana. We met on maneuvers, on the afternoon Eisenhower came to inspect the mobile kitchen I had set up. We were together maybe ten minutes, but they were ten minutes that changed my life. I didn't realize, as I watched Eisenhower's jeep drive off after the inspection, that my faith in him would one day come close to ruining both my business and my marriage. I just knew that I liked him. I liked the way he conducted the inspection, I liked his interest in the food we were preparing and his amusement that it had occurred to me to take along on maneuvers an assortment of spices which most cooks would have left behind. I liked his attitude while he questioned me, an attitude which seemed to say: "You're the mess sergeant, you hold this position because you're supposed to know your job, I respect you for knowing your job, and as your commanding officer I'll expect you to do it as well as you can."

To a man like myself any token of respect from a high ranking officer was a rare experience. Every officer I had met, of any rank, demanded respect from me and stopped there. A few months of that kind of treatment can wreck a man's ideas of leadership, and the time comes when he has no faith in anybody higher up, whether it's a matter of stripes, brass, income, business position or political office. My ideas of leadership were salvaged by the visiting lieutenant colonel who, while inspecting my mobile kitchen, ignored the possibility of chewing gum under the tables or dust behind the stoves and worried only about the quality and amount of food the men were getting. He didn't care whether or not I needed a shave, but he was deeply concerned whether or not I knew how to make good gravy.

But you don't decide that you'd like to see a certain man become President just because he leaves you with a good feeling after he inspects a mobile kitchen. All I felt as Lt. Col. Eisenhower drove off that day was that I'd like to work for him. I got the chance a year later in London. In one way or another, I have been working for him ever since.

I was working for him when I arrived in Chicago on the Fourth of July in 1952. The Republican National Convention was three days away. Delegates from all over the country were pouring into the city, and they were finding themselves embattled in caucuses before they had time to unpack their luggage.

The Republicans felt they had a chance to capture the White House, but in the scramble for victory the Party had split itself as wide as Grand Canyon. A new group had sprung up among independent-thinking Republicans who wanted a change in Washington long before the advertising agencies thought of the slogan. Though their votes were welcomed, their enthusiasm frightened the Old Guard, whose primary interest was retaining control of the Party while regaining control of the Capital. Five election losses in a row hadn't seemed to convince the Old Guard that some house cleaning was needed within the ranks. Therefore, most of the delegates at Chicago belonged to one of two principal factions: the Old Guard army of well-organized county machines or the arrogant upstarts who wanted to clean house.

I was among those who arrived with a broom. Actually, I wasn't a Convention delegate; I was one of the million political amateurs who had organized themselves into the Citizens For Eisenhower. But I had been a citizen for Eisenhower years before the idea became popular. From early 1943 to the end of the war, I was his headquarters

mess sergeant; I saw him almost every day and in every mood. My respect for him grew steadily until it amounted to hero worship. Had I been the only one to feel that way, I might not have been as impressed by him, but all of us who were near him—from Capt. Harry C. Butcher, his Naval aide and close friend, to Sgt. Mickey McKeogh, his orderly—felt the same way. I had been around people enough to realize that anyone who could win such widespread admiration had to be a very special type of person, and I knew I was right about Dwight Eisenhower.

The idea that General Eisenhower might make a good President was sudden and farfetched, as far as I was concerned. Previously, I'd paid no attention to politics; I didn't even know my Congressman's name. By profession, I was a cook. All I wanted was to get out of the Army and maybe someday open my own restaurant. To me, politics was a remote institution and Government was taxes. I never expected to have anything to do with either, and so I paid no attention to them.

The one thing I was sure of, however, was that politicians were supposed to be difficult to get along with, except at election time. I learned this after years of watching friends try to get things done through political connections. I learned it more while working for General Eisenhower at Allied Supreme Headquarters in London and Paris. Frequently committees of Congressmen came over on inspection tours, and their visits were always hours of fury for everyone. Demanding, commanding, they kept all of us on the run as long as they were around. I thought, at first, that the visits would be roughest on Eisenhower because, as commander, he was the one who was most imposed upon. But as the visits continued I observed how easily Eisenhower not only remained calm himself, but also managed to restore peace whenever a Congressman rampaged into his

office. Occasionally, the General and the Congressmen would come into lunch immediately following a conference and I would see the Congressmen's frowns and hear their gruff voices and I'd assume that things had gone badly. In a few minutes, however, the entire atmosphere changed. Eisenhower would bring up a conversational topic completely unrelated to the war—fishing, agriculture, a historical event of centuries ago, and before long everybody was talking so freely that they had evidently forgotten whatever it was that had disturbed them. I had seen Eisenhower display the same persuasive charm on Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, General De Gaulle and Field Marshal Montgomery, none of whom were noted for their friendliness at conference tables.

Seeing all this, I was impressed by Eisenhower's ability to create harmony among men of opposing ideas. It was in Paris one night, after a committee of particularly difficult Congressmen had departed, that the thought occurred to me: "Any man who can handle politicians the way Eisenhower can, ought to be President. If there was more harmony in Washington, there'd be less trouble in the world."

The idea stuck with me. I found myself watching General Eisenhower more closely, and each day I found something new to convince me that he ought to be in the White House. I came home from the Army with the idea fixed in my mind. I had only one question: how could I go around convincing other people? I knew absolutely nothing about politics and I had no political connections. I didn't even know if Eisenhower was a Democrat or a Republican, and I had no idea how he felt about going into politics. Had I had any suspicions of what lay ahead for me, I'm not sure now whether or not I would have gone on with what I did. I only knew that I could not let the idea die.

I talked about Eisenhower. I talked about him to anyone who would listen to me. Over and over I told stories about events I witnessed during the war, events which assured me of Eisenhower's abilities, his interest in little guys like me, and his deep concern for the welfare of the country and the world. I talked about him for two years. One of my postwar plans materialized when in 1947, with two partners, I opened a restaurant in New York—The Headquarters Restaurant—and though there was a lot of work for all of us to do I still found time to talk Eisenhower to any customers who sat long enough to hear me out. When General Eisenhower returned from Europe, he came to the restaurant for dinner. As we sat together, I told him how much I wanted to see him become President, and I admitted that I was talking to a lot of people about it.

He laughed. He said: "Look, Marty, I'm a soldier, and that's all I want to be."

"General," I said, "I never wanted to be a soldier, but they drafted me. I guess you can be drafted to run for President, if it comes to that."

"I'm sure it won't," he said.

Late in 1947, when the country started thinking about primaries and political conventions, I put a sign outside the restaurant: DRAFT IKE FOR PRESIDENT. I learned later that this was the first public gesture for Eisenhower. By then, Eisenhower was president of Columbia University. Often on Sundays I drove to Morningside Heights to chat with him. Once I reminded him of what he had said about wanting to be a soldier for the rest of his life and I asked how being a university president fitted in with that.

He said: "I'll hold this job as long as they want me, but I'm still a soldier, Marty. I wouldn't be surprised to find myself back in uniform one of these days."

Eventually he was, as chief of NATO, but none of us

could see this coming, and when it occurred I recognized that Eisenhower had vision as well as every other quality I believed would make an excellent President.

Both political conventions were held in Philadelphia in the Summer of 1948. Not knowing which Party the General preferred, I decided to attend both conventions and see what I could do to stir up some interest in him as a candidate. I rented a jeep and equipped it with a loud-speaker; I had 100,000 Eisenhower campaign buttons made and I wrote a leaflet about him. Then I took off for Philadelphia.

I had no idea what I was going to do when I got there. I had never made a speech in my life, I hadn't studied public speaking, I hadn't even been notably successful in expressing my own opinions before strangers. But when I parked the jeep for the first time in front of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, where many delegates were staying and where some of the aspiring candidates had headquarters, I picked up the microphone and opened my mouth and words about Eisenhower flowed out. I know now that the easy words could have poured only from my respect and admiration for him. I told of our war years together, of things I had heard him say and saw him do, of his experiences with both diplomats and politicians which I felt qualified him for the Presidency.

I talked straight through the two conventions, but without any luck. Everybody knew Eisenhower the general, but too few knew Eisenhower the man. Because of the excitement of conventions, few delegates had time to listen to me long enough to realize that Eisenhower was *The Man.*

When I returned to New York and went to Morningside Heights to see Eisenhower, he sat and looked at me for a long time before he spoke. Finally he said: "Well, I hope you got your belly full of politics and politicians."

I had, but not enough to discourage me. In 1952, I was ready for more. This time, however, I was not alone. Though Eisenhower was still in Europe with NATO, a strong movement to nominate him as the Republican candidate for President had developed across the country. I had spent six months touring the country talking to Eisenhower supporters. Many of them, I knew, were delegates to the Chicago convention, and an encouraging number of them told me they were ready to cast their ballot for Eisenhower.

This was about the only encouragement awaiting the Eisenhower workers when we arrived in Chicago. We literally walked into the enemy camp. Senator Taft was the strongest candidate on the scene; he had worked for years to build up a large number of delegate votes, and there were many people who believed he would win the nomination on the first ballot. It looked as if he would. Cook County was heavily for him and it was difficult for our Eisenhower group to find many local Republicans who where willing to help us generate political interest in the General. Taft had already taken over the main ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel; the Eisenhower group had to be satisfied with a smaller room in a remote corner of the hotel. And we couldn't even get a fair number of gallery seats in Convention Hall where the cheers of Eisenhower rooters might encourage the delegates to turn his way.

The feeling went deep, often beyond decency and intelligence. One day I was driving to Convention Hall in my Eisenhower jeep when I was stopped by a traffic light. Taking every opportunity to talk about Eisenhower, I reached for the microphone and began. A man stepped out of a taxi next to me, and I recognized him immediately as John Wayne, the movie star. Before I could say another word, he shouted at me: "Why don't you get a red flag?"

I was too surprised to speak, so I just looked at him as he got back in his cab.

The charge that Eisenhower was liberal to the point of being a radical had popped up across the country during my speaking tour. At first I was shocked that people could be so misled, but then I learned that the accusation came not from Democrats or any other understandable opposition, but from Republicans who didn't want him to win too great a popularity. Months before I had gone to a small northern New Jersey town to make a speech at an Eisenhower rally, and when I entered the auditorium I saw leaflets on the seats. I assumed it was pro-Eisenhower material, until I picked up some of it and read it. It was a vicious blast, implying that Eisenhower was a Jew, charging that he had been a dullard at West Point, and listing military mistakes he had made in the war. All this puzzled me greatly. We had won the war, so certainly he couldn't have made many mistakes, and if there had been any serious misjudgments I surely would have heard of them when I was with him. As for West Point, I had the impression that he had been an honor student, and this was true. The anti-Semitic element was the worst. I knew Eisenhower wasn't Jewish, and certainly he had no intentions of turning the country over to "an international ring of Jews." But I was a Jew; I also considered myself a good American; I was spending hundreds of dollars I couldn't spare to help elect a man I considered an ideal American. And the only place I wanted to turn the country was back to the people, where I thought it belonged.

Perhaps a man more politically experienced would have been less depressed and discouraged by the New Jersey leaflets, but to me they were a miserably low blow. It occurred to me that a lot of people were still weeping for

sons killed in the war, many of them Jewish sons, and I thought it was particularly evil that politicians should resort to the weapon of prejudice so soon after a war to destroy discrimination. I felt bad about the whole thing for several days, and then I got mad.

I got mad in Chicago, too. The first crisis involved the Texas delegation. By law, Texas delegates were not required to commit themselves before the convention. At a delegation conference earlier, it appeared that most of the delegates favored Eisenhower, and they were free to vote that way at the convention. But the Texas Old Guard Republicans wanted the state's votes to go to Taft. When it appeared that the delegates refused to be swayed, the Old Guard chose a new slate of delegates and sent them to Chicago. There were, then, two delegations from Texas, and the question was which was going to be seated.

The fight in smoke-filled rooms was fierce. The situation was similar to the convention battle of 1912, when Taft's father, President William Howard Taft, caused the same type of conservative-liberal split in the Republican Party, and as a result the Democrats won the election. The "inside" battle at the Chicago convention could not be solved by Party leaders in their hotel rooms. When Taft suggested that he and General Eisenhower split the delegation evenly, Eisenhower refused. He felt this was not a matter for political "deals" and wanted the convention itself to decide. Finally, Republican governors, at their annual conference a week before, came up with the Fair Play Amendment, which specified that contested convention delegations could not vote on the seating of other contested delegations. Thus, by a vote of twenty-three to three, the governors prevented Texas, Georgia and Louisiana from forming a block that might hamstring the entire conven-

tion. When the convention roll call was taken on the seating of delegations, the pro-Eisenhower groups won in every case.

For the Eisenhower workers, this was an excellent omen. We realized we had stronger support among the delegates than we had hoped. We no longer worried whether or not we would win; we just worried about how many ballots it would take. We were headed by good men. Paul Hoffman, who had held executive appointments under the Democratic administrations, was the leader of Citizens For Eisenhower. Herbert Brownell, Jr., Henry Cabot Lodge, Sherman Adams and Thomas E. Dewey were all national figures and important in the Party. Thomas E. Stephens and Bernard M. Shanley were politically important at the state level both in New York and New Jersey.

My work kept me in my jeep. As in Philadelphia, I toured the downtown section, parking in front of hotels, talking up Eisenhower on my loud-speaker. As delegates traveled to and from Convention Hall, I followed battalions of cabs and street cars, talking away. I also canvassed the city to find workers who would help us publicize Eisenhower. Getting the workers into the auditorium was another problem, until I learned that the Taft forces were in charge of tickets. But friends located a Democrat who knew the head guard and we were able to get our people in by appealing to a Democrat's sense of fair play which seemed to be lacking in a lot of Republicans.

Each day of the convention, the nucleus of the Eisenhower team met with the General at his Blackstone Hotel suite. He had returned from his NATO job in June and hadn't had much time to meet delegates from the greater part of the country. He was sensible enough to realize he was a war hero, but he refused to take advantage of that

fact. In his short time home, he had told people where he stood on national and world issues, and it was on this that he wanted to be evaluated. He made no personal attempt to sway delegates; he refused to take part in "deals." As we gave him our reports each day, he merely listened, occasionally advising us, but leaving most of the decisions in the hands of his friends who had experience at other conventions.

One day, he asked me: "What office are you running for, Marty?"

"None. Why?" I asked.

"I've seen you on television so much I thought you were after the Presidency yourself," he said, and when he began to laugh I realized that the contest had cost him none of his humor.

In a way, he was right. I held some strange appeal to radio and television news commentators, and everyday I was interviewed three or four times. The reason, I knew, was simply that I was a little guy, an average American John Doe, who had left his small business and his home to wander all over the country because he believed in the man he wanted for President. There were other men during the war who were closer to General Eisenhower, and I presume only their personal responsibilities kept them from working hard for his nomination and election. Whatever the reason, I didn't see any of them around. For me, my only personal responsibility was getting Eisenhower into office; nothing else mattered. Years before I had worried about keeping him well fed, and to do so I often had to scrounge around British and French hillsides. Now I was willing to scrounge anywhere in the country to nourish him with a lot of votes.

I was fully aware, however, of the terrific thing that was happening to me. No man had ever been so far out of his element as I was. For a person who hadn't even voted

regularly, I had certainly taken a big plunge into politics. I hadn't imagined, when I decided to try my luck for General Eisenhower, that the work would involve being a guest in the du Pont mansion in Delaware, that governors and senators would be asking me to share a speaker's platform with them, or that the opposition would consider me important enough to chase me out of several towns. One evening as I walked through the lobby of my hotel, I heard my name called. A young fellow stepped up, introduced himself as Henry Ford II, and invited me to have dinner with him. When I thought of the number of times I had owed this man money for his cars I realized the big switch that can change the worlds of little guys like myself once they discover something they can believe in and are willing to work for. For me, that something was Dwight D. Eisenhower. He had changed my life, and now I was about to play my small but vital part in changing his.

When the convention's first ballot began, I was sitting in a box with Jinx Falkenberg who, with her husband Tex McCrary, had done a great deal to arouse national interest in Eisenhower. Each of us had a pad of paper, and as the states announced their votes we tallied the score. None of the experts believed there would be a first-ballot winner. However, I had a ten dollar bet with Elly Thomas, a friend of the Eisenhowers and later secretary to Mrs. John Foster Dulles, that the General would get the nomination on the first roll call.

The roll call was slow. First votes were going to "favorite sons," and my main hope was remembering what many delegates had told me: that their first vote might be committed, but on the second ballot they would switch to Eisenhower. I kept hoping that something would happen to make them switch earlier.

Votes between Eisenhower and Taft were close, through-

out the list of states. Experts felt that Eisenhower might pull 500 votes on the first ballot, but it was believed that enough "favorite sons" would eventually release their delegations to Taft in order to give the Senator the necessary majority.

Jinx and I bent over our pads, adding away each time a state voted. When the last count was announced, I added my figures quickly, then sank back, amazed. Eisenhower was only eight votes away from a majority. The Convention Hall was a thunder storm of excitement. I could hear delegates shouting totals to each other. Small groups of people huddled together in heated discussion. State leaders hurried up and down the aisles. Suddenly from the Minnesota section came the familiar cry: "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!"

Minnesota's ballots had been split between Stassen and Eisenhower. The sudden call from the delegation leader was immediately understood by everyone: the vote would be changed, completely to Eisenhower. The fever caught. Other states began to call the chair for recognition. In a moment, the auditorium went wild.

Jinx was bewildered. "What's happened?" she asked.

"It's all over. The Boss got it!"

"How come? We need eight votes."

"We'll get them, and more," I said, "as soon as the chairman starts recognizing the states."

"But what are they going to do? Vote all over again? I don't understand, Marty."

"Just watch," I said. "They'll start switching as soon as the place calms down."

"Switch?" Jinx said, fear thick in her voice. "Suppose they start switching to Taft?"

"No, that won't happen," I said. "They'll switch to Eisenhower."

They did. Minnesota began the tidal wave, and when the final count was taken it was Eisenhower all the way.

That night when General Eisenhower went to Convention Hall to make his acceptance speech, I stayed behind at the Conrad Hilton Hotel to arrange the victory celebration. But I watched the speech on television.

Eisenhower's first words were: "I have always been a Republican."

On that simple declaration, the delegates jumped to their feet and roared cheers for several minutes. The television cameras swept over the crowd, and as I watched I recognized the faces of many people I had met during the past six months, people who had viciously opposed Eisenhower. They were cheering now, but I wondered how deeply they believed his words. In the months ahead, I had a chance to find out for myself.

CHAPTER TWO

Long Road to London

BEFORE GENERAL EISENHOWER BEGAN TO SPEAK FOR himself on national and world problems, those of us who wanted him to enter politics could only talk about him from our personal experiences. The General was never a melodramatic man; there was nothing flashy about him that provided colorful anecdotes. He was always quiet, serious, hard-working, and when he was away from his desk he preferred to be alone or, at most, with one or two close friends. He didn't talk much about his own attitudes, especially his feelings towards political problems. As a career military man, he considered himself apart from the politics of war. He refused to engage even in the politics of Army life. He did his job, whatever it might be, to the best of his ability, and he never looked for praise or rewards. This was most of the reason why, in 1941, he was still a lieutenant colonel when some of his West Point classmates and others with shorter careers were already influential generals in Washington. But Eisenhower's diligence had not gone unnoticed. General George C. Marshall, then Army Chief of Staff, had watched him closely and knew that, despite terrific pressures, Eisenhower could be relied on to do his job calmly, thoroughly, impartially. It was Marshall who brought Eisenhower to the attention of President Roosevelt. Within two years, Eisenhower was the leading Allied commander in Europe.

During the height of his military career, I was with Gen-

eral Eisenhower almost every day. From the beginning, I was aware of his interest in food, and I made a point of being sure that, as often as it was possible, there was something special, something extra, on his menu. At first, this may not appear to be a vital contribution to the war; for a while, it didn't seem so to me. But one day when he had stopped in the kitchen of London headquarters for a cup of coffee, General Eisenhower observed:

"It's true that an Army travels on its stomach, even if a soldier only travels from his typewriter to a file cabinet. Good food is more than sustenance. It's morale."

He knew good food on sight. Once he told me: "I've been a mess sergeant since the day I got married. My wife doesn't like to cook, so I did it all, and the only way I could get the family away from a diet of steak and potatoes was to make a hobby of cooking. Now I enjoy it a lot."

Most of my personal war-time experiences with General Eisenhower, therefore, centered on food. My faith in him as a future President sprang more from observation of events which didn't directly concern me or were told to me by men who saw them happen. These were the stories I told about him when I campaigned for the General in 1948 and 1952. I knew his skill at handling eccentric Congressmen, I knew that all of Europe looked upon him as a great liberator and a man of peace and would therefore not believe any propaganda that he was a warmonger, and I knew that out of his experience as a combat commander he hated war and would do everything to avoid another one. These were the things I spoke about, and from my personal relationship with him, I was able to add: "Furthermore, he can also cook."

Cooking actually brought us together. I was working in a Miami Beach hotel when, early in 1941, I received my

draft orders. Two weeks later, I reported to Camp Beauregard for basic training as a military policeman. Though I had the weight of a good MP, I didn't have the heart of one, and the only solace I could find for myself was that at least, as had happened to other professional chefs, I hadn't been assigned to drive a truck. But I was even luckier. At the first roll call, the platoon sergeant shouted my name and I stepped to him.

"Ain't you a cook?" he asked.

I said: "Yes, sir."

"Don't call me sir," he barked. "Now answer my question."

I said: "Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I'm a cook."

"Well," he said, "there's the kitchen. You don't need any basic training for that."

Maneuvers were scheduled for July, and I was put in charge of one of the company's mobile kitchens. Our job was to follow the troops as closely as we could, serving meals in open fields when necessary or, when there was time, setting up tent mess halls. Experienced cooks told me: "Mostly you'll be loading and unloading your trucks. Five times a day you'll be told to set up your tents, and just when you get the stakes in the ground some bird-brained shavetail will come running along and order you to pack up and move on."

This was all right with me, if that was the way the Army wanted to do it. But I was worried about the field ranges. They were awkward stoves, the size of a home refrigerator and several times heavier. Loading and unloading them five times a day would be too big a chore to ask of any kitchen crew. It occurred to me that it might be a good idea to keep the stoves on trucks and do the cooking there.

To prevent damaging the trucks, the stoves could be padded with asbestos. I experimented with the idea and it worked perfectly.

We had been on maneuvers about three days when I realized how well the other cooks had forewarned me. We were so constantly on the move that there were times when we were cooking meals as the trucks sped along the highways. But the meals were always ready when the men wanted them. On the rare occasions when we used the tent mess halls, we backed the trucks in close and carried food to the tents easily and quickly. And when orders came to move on, the kitchen was always the first section ready. My idea had solved many problems; I was very proud of myself.

One day, as we were busy preparing the noon meal, a group of officers arrived by jeep. The driver, an enlisted man, hurried to me.

"Colonel Eisenhower wants to inspect your kitchen," he said.

I knew Eisenhower was the chief of staff, and I wondered why an officer in his position would want to inspect a field kitchen. I thought headquarters may have heard about my idea for the stoves and didn't like it. I was saluting and rigidly at attention when Eisenhower came up to me.

He said: "At ease."

It was difficult to be at ease, under the circumstances. I couldn't tell what he was thinking; there was no expression on his face. He squinted a little in the bright Louisiana sun and surveyed the area with quick glances. His thin lips were pursed, evaluating.

"I want to see this new set-up you have for your field ranges," he said. His voice was firm, but I was relieved when I couldn't detect any anger or the customary tone of inspection-sarcasm in it. I led him to the truck. He

climbed on it and I followed him. He inspected the stoves carefully, but with the speed of a man who knew what he was looking for. He asked: "Do they throw off much heat?"

"Very little, sir."

He examined the wood frame of the truck and the metal floor, and I knew he was looking for evidence of scorching. When he didn't find any, he nodded approvingly. Pots of food were still on the stoves. He picked up the lids and looked at the contents. When he reached the beef gravy, he took a ladle from the rack and dipped it into the pot. Then he held the ladle away from the stove and sniffed the gravy. I recognized this as the trick of a good cook who doesn't want the steam from the pot to cut into the fragrance of the food. Then he sipped the gravy. Again came the quick, approving nod.

Having been through many inspections with other officers, I knew the procedure and I kept waiting for Eisenhower to put on white gloves and probe the back of the stoves for grease, or to complain that I needed a shave, or that one of the KPs was wearing a dirty T-shirt. He did none of those things. After he finished tasting the gravy, he said he wanted to see the mess hall. I escorted him to the big tent and I expected him to hunt under the tables for wads of chewing gum. Instead, he went to the first table and examined the assortment of spices and sauces. At the serving line, he picked up a piece of bread and felt it to see if it was fresh, and then he glanced into the large containers of hot coffee and cold fruit juice.

Finally he looked directly at me for the first time. His face was relaxed; his squint was gone and I could see the grey-blue warmth of his eyes. He asked: "Are your rations arriving in good condition?"

"Yes, sir."

"In plenty of time?"

"They're here before nine every morning."

"Do you have much waste?"

"Practically none, sir. We take a lot of time with the food, and the men are usually too hungry to leave leftovers."

He grinned knowingly. "How's your refrigeration? Is the meat spoiling?"

"No, sir. Our refrigeration truck is in good shape."

"Those spices on the table," he asked, "are they regular rations for field kitchens?"

"No, sir. I brought them along because I thought the men would like to have them. Otherwise, the food might get monotonous."

Again he grinned. He said: "Very good, Sergeant; everything's fine."

I was going to thank him for the sudden promotion, but I decided against it.

I escorted him back to his jeep, and when he turned around for his salute, I gave him the snappiest one of my brief military career. Months passed before I learned how heartily he had approved my idea for the field ranges, but I had my own opinion of him before his jeep was out of sight. He was the first inspecting officer I had met who was interested in the food. And obviously he knew food. The way he tested the gravy, examined the spices and sauces, tested the bread and could tell the quality of the coffee by its color were all tricks of the good cooks with whom I had worked in restaurants. I suspected that Eisenhower was either a good cook himself or must have spent a lot of time on KP in his younger days. His attitude indicated that he expected everything to be clean; that was my job and checking me on it would have been picayune on his part. He seemed to know that cooking a meal for two hun-

dred men involved more than merely applying heat to raw vegetables and meat, and he was evidently aware that a spotless mess hall didn't make food taste any better.

I went back to the kitchen almost triumphantly and I told the KPs: "Now, there's the kind of man I'd like to work for."

It didn't occur to me that I actually would, especially since, soon afterwards, the Army announced that all men over thirty would be discharged from the service as quickly as possible. A few months later, I was told to report to the Finance Office on Monday, December 8, to get my mustering-out pay, and then I could go home. On December 7, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I didn't bother going to the Finance Office.

In January, 1942, units of the V Corps were ordered to Northern Ireland. When our new bases were established, under the command of General Russell P. Hartle, I was appointed mess sergeant of headquarter's company.

General Hartle was a career officer who already had twenty-two years of service behind him and he had commanded posts all over the country. His fierce determination to cut through the Army's traditional red tape had earned him the nickname of "Scrappy." Establishing America's first important overseas base was a complicated chore, and Scrappy Hartle was the man to do the job with as much speed and as little confusion as possible.

Because of Northern Ireland's importance as a supply and debarkation base, the country was heavily fortified and on constant alert, but as months passed and the war moved in the opposite direction, Allied leaders decided to use Northern Ireland as a training area. Big maneuvers were planned for that summer. Large contingents of Allied troops arrived, and the day before the maneuvers began I was called to headquarters by one of General Hartle's aides.

He told me that General Eisenhower, who was then commander of the American Forces in the European Theatre, would be coming up from London the next day with his staff.

"We don't know how long they'll stay," the officer said, "but make arrangements for quarters and rations."

A year had passed since I had met Eisenhower. I hadn't given up hopes of working for him someday, but I never thought there was much chance of it. His visit provided the opportunity to ask him for a transfer, and I decided to take advantage of it.

His plane arrived early in the morning and he went directly to the fields where the maneuvers were being held. He had lunch in the field and did not arrive at headquarters until shortly before dinner. I was in the officers' mess, supervising the waiters, when General Eisenhower and his staff came in with General Hartle's group. I watched Eisenhower survey the room quickly, then his glance fell on me. He smiled and called: "Hello, Sergeant. It's good to see you."

I was happily stunned. I certainly hadn't expected him to remember me, and even after his greeting I wondered if he really knew where he had seen me before. After everyone was seated and waiters started bringing food, I went to the table to be sure everything was all right. General Eisenhower was talking to General Hartle, and as I passed I heard him say: ". . . packed in asbestos." I realized he was talking about my idea for field ranges and I was amazed that it had remained in his memory so long. I returned to the kitchen feeling more confident about my request for a transfer to his headquarters, and I made up my mind to see him immediately after breakfast the next morning. When the dinner was over and the mess hall

cleaned, I went to the Officer of the Day for any special instructions for the next day's schedule.

"Routine," he said. "General Eisenhower won't be here."

"When is he leaving?" I asked quickly.

"He's on the way to the air strip now."

With him went my chance to ask for the transfer. I was annoyed with myself for not acting sooner; I knew I'd never have another chance to make a personal request. It was out of the question to expect much luck with the usual through-channels request for a transfer. Besides, I wasn't too anxious to try that. I had been working for General Hartle for six months; I liked him and he seemed pleased with my efforts. As his mess sergeant, I was responsible for any social functions he gave, on or off the base. Though we always discussed the plans, he left all decisions up to me, and later he'd send word to me that everything had come off well. Only once was there any trouble. The General was giving a party in a Belfast hotel for the governor of Northern Ireland and his wife. We decided on a buffet of hams and roasts, from which the guests could make their own sandwiches. The trouble started when the Governor and his wife, following the example of their hosts, made sandwiches but didn't eat them. I noticed this and, wondering what was wrong, I mentioned it to one of the General's aides.

"I don't know," he said helplessly. "I'll ask around." He returned to me in a few minutes and said: "We've fouled up. Apparently, the Irish eat American-type sandwiches with a knife and fork; they don't know how to tackle them otherwise. See if you can find some tools before the Governor and his wife go home hungry."

I never made that mistake again, but it became a headquarters joke and even General Hartle reminded me of it

from time to time. Having grown close to him, I didn't feel right about asking him for permission to transfer to another general's staff. It was Army custom for a general to collect a staff of dependable enlisted men to head the various sections of his command, transferring them with him wherever he went and thus assuring himself a smoothly operating headquarters of section leaders who understood him and knew how he wanted things done. As his mess sergeant, I was a member of General Hartle's enlisted staff. I knew I had a good job and that there was a certain prestige about it; I knew, too, that General Hartle rightfully expected a special loyalty from the enlisted men he put into positions similar to mine. Under the circumstances, I couldn't bring myself to tell him I wanted to go to work for somebody else. There was nothing for me to do but forget about transferring to General Eisenhower's headquarters.

I had just about accomplished that when, in September, General Hartle sent for me.

"I've been appointed deputy to General Eisenhower," he told me. "I'll be moving down to London. I won't have a command of my own, so I can't take many people with me. However, when I find a place to live I'll need someone to run the house and take care of the cooking. Do you want the job?"

I didn't have to think long to make up my mind. I said: "Yes, sir!"

Though I realized this still wasn't the job I wanted, I felt it was certainly a step in the right direction. Once I got to London, anything could happen. After all, it was going to be a long war.

CHAPTER THREE

The Waiting Hours

GENERAL EISENHOWER AND GENERAL HARTLE HAD ADjacent offices in the London headquarters of American Armed Forces. Because General Hartle lived in a hotel during our first weeks in London, I had little work to do for him, so I spent most of my time just hanging around headquarters. This gave me the opportunity to see a lot of General Eisenhower, but because I wasn't directly associated with him our relationship at first was of the "Good morning, General"—"Good morning, Sergeant" variety. He was a very busy man, preparing—though few people knew it at the time—for the African invasion. The task was immense. All day, Allied officers paraded in and out of General Eisenhower's office; conferences were interminable. I realized I was not at top echelon and I wanted to do as much as I could. As a mess sergeant, anything I might do was inescapably connected with food. With any other commanding general, I might have felt like excess baggage, but I knew how General Eisenhower felt about food and I was aware that anything I could do for him in my own line would be appreciated as much as if I had come up with a brainstorm battle plan. I was living in an Army barracks on Green Street, sharing quarters with Sgt. Mickey McKeogh, Eisenhower's personal orderly. Nights when Mickey was free, we used to talk a lot about General Eisenhower. Knowing someone who was as well-acquainted with the General as Mickey, and who admired him as much as I did, was a treat and I pumped Mickey for as much information as I could

get out of him. Later when the General was living at Telegraph Cottage, in suburban Kingston, Mickey told me that though Eisenhower had excellent cooks in Sgt. John Hunt and Sgt. John Moaney, there was often the problem of achieving variety in his menu. Rations were regular Army issue; General Eisenhower refused any preferential treatment, even in the food line.

By now, I was a skilled scrounger. In Ireland I had learned how to make deals with farmers and hotel chefs: they had something we wanted, we had something they wanted, and they were always willing to swap. Though I didn't know England too well, I felt sure I could continue the same trading tactics. On days when General Hartle didn't need me, I got a jeep and headed for the country.

Mickey told me that fresh eggs and fruit were rarities at Telegraph Cottage. I discovered eggs and fruit almost immediately, but I also discovered a British trait which surprised me at first but which I grew to admire greatly. England was on strict rationing; everything except what a farmer needed for himself was turned over to the Government. When I came along, eager to barter generously, the only available food supplies were what farmers had legally kept for themselves. If there was a black market in England, I never found it, and certainly I was in a rich position to tempt anyone away from the law. Nor did anybody try to rook me, and they could have, easily, because I wanted that food. Everything I acquired was at the going price, or its equivalent in whatever I had to barter. I discovered, too, that even when farmers had little to share, they cooperated willingly when I told them the food was intended for General Eisenhower. The British liked Eisenhower, and this of course gave me another reason for liking them.

On trips when I was lucky, I turned the bulk of my loot over to headquarters mess, making sure that some of it got

to General Hartle. The rest I took out to Telegraph Cottage. These visits made me extremely popular at the cottage, especially when I brought eggs. Hunt and Moaney told me that General Eisenhower had usually eaten a light breakfast, but when the eggs began to show up he started appearing in the kitchen each morning to cook his own. One day at headquarters, Captain Harry Butcher, Eisenhower's Naval aide and personal friend, called me aside and said:

"The General told me that if I saw you before he did I was to tell you how grateful he is for all that food you're bringing out to the house."

"Tell him the pleasure is all mine," I said. "Is there anything special he wants?"

"You know the Boss," said Butcher, who lived at Telegraph Cottage with Eisenhower. "Simple food well cooked, that's all he asks for."

I did my best to provide the raw materials. After a month in London, General Hartle was given an apartment and I moved in with him. One of his duties was to entertain U. S. visitors or Allied brass whom Eisenhower didn't have time to see, and this meant I was kept busy and had to cut down on my scrounging time. Cooking for General Hartle and his important guests gave me a second reason for wanting to get as much non-Army food as I could, and so I spent my days off hunting for it. Often I started my hunts by having breakfast at Telegraph Cottage. I was in the kitchen early one morning, sipping coffee and chatting with John Moaney, when General Eisenhower came in. We all said good morning, and the General walked over to the stove and glanced at the flapjacks that were cooking. Idly, he picked up a spatula to test the flapjacks and he saw that a couple of them were sticking to the griddle.

"You know," he said to both of us, "if you put melted

butter into the batter the flapjacks won't stick like this."

"I didn't know that," said John, "but I greased the griddle. That should have done the trick."

"It's easier the other way," he said, "and the flapjacks will taste better." He looked at me and he grinned as if he had caught me at something. "You should have known that," he said.

"I do now," I said.

I didn't want to tell him then that I already knew it but that Army cooking-by-the-book could easily make a chef forget all he ever learned. Years later when I reminded him of the incident, I told him of the adventure in unwelcomed ingenuity on my part that had actually led me to him. It had happened in Louisiana, shortly after the maneuvers. I was on duty alone one Saturday and, because most of the company had taken the weekend off, the lunch menu called for a simple vegetable of stewed canned tomatoes. I had noticed about forty pounds of fresh tomatoes in the refrigerator and it occurred to me that instead of stewing a dozen cans of tomatoes I'd fix something different. The fresh tomatoes, moreover, were already ripe, and I was sure they wouldn't last until Monday.

I washed the tomatoes, slit them so that they hinged lengthwise, seasoned them, placed them face-down on grill sheets and put them into the oven. These were called butterfly tomatoes, and they were considered a delicacy in many hotels where I had worked. A few minutes before lunch, the Mess Sergeant—a lanky, slow-talking Louisianian farm boy—came in and, finding the oven on, looked into it to see what was happening. Then he turned on me and demanded:

"Wha' dat?"

"That's butterfly tomatoes, Sarge," I said, with a little pride.

"Never heard of it," he said.

"It's pretty good," I said.

"The men won't eat it."

"Sure they will," I said, "and they'll like it."

"You ain't gonna give it to 'em," he said. "Throw this stuff out and make the stewed tomatoes that's on the menu."

"That's silly," I said. "It's a waste of good money. This stuff is all right, and besides it's almost noon."

"You heard me," he said. "Give 'em stewed tomatoes, and from now on you cook what's on the menu."

It was useless to argue; I made stewed tomatoes. But I was burned up over the waste of money and time, and Monday morning I went to the First Sergeant to let him know how the mess hall was being run. He listened to me patiently, then said:

"You're a clever man, Snyder. I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. You know so much about running a mess hall, I'm gonna make you permanent KP. Let's see you think up something smart for that job."

"Okay," I said. "I don't want to cook for this man's Army anymore, anyway." And I stalked out and slammed the door.

After a few days I was sorry I had tried to be so conscientious, but there was nothing I could do about it; I felt the only thing I'd ever put into Army pots in the future was soap and water. But the incident wasn't over. The company commander had heard me slam the door and had stepped from his office to ask the First Sergeant what was going on. That night, the C.O. mentioned the episode to friends at the Officer's Club, and they all got a big laugh out of it.

The C.O. said: "Snyder isn't a cook; he's a temperamental artist."

An officer from headquarters said: "Well, at least he seems to have imagination, which is about the only thing that'll help Army food. We could use a cook like that at our place."

For the next day or so, the story moved upward through channels. A friend of mine in headquarters came to me one day and said: "I heard a couple of officers talking about you today. What the hell are butterfly tomatoes?"

"They're better than stewed tomatoes," I said.

The commanding general must have thought so too, because at the end of the week came special orders assigning me to headquarters company as mess sergeant. This promotion eventually resulted in my being appointed mess sergeant of V Corps headquarters in Ireland, brought me to the attention of General Hartle and sent me to London. These days, I have a special fondness for butterfly tomatoes.

General Hartle's London apartment was in Orchard Court, off Portsmouth Square, and during our first weeks there he entertained many VIPs. As usual, he left everything up to me. Most often, the groups were small, with principal guests like Sir Anthony Eden, British Air Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, Field Marshal Montgomery and Margaret Bourke-White. The General rarely had Sunday dinner in, which gave me the evening off. Before going out, I'd see that there was something in the refrigerator for sandwiches, in case the General got hungry, and then I'd usually drift down to the Red Cross dance. I came home one Sunday night and found the kitchen a complete mess: dishes were piled in the sink, dirty pots and pans littered the stove. For a minute, I was furious. I heard voices in the living room and I opened the swinging door and glanced in. All the lights were out; a movie was being shown. A woman sitting on the floor turned around;

it was Martha Raye. I let the door swing shut and started to clean up the kitchen.

In a moment, the door opened and Martha came in. "Sloppy, ain't it?" she said, and she flashed her famous grin.

"Not so bad," I said. "What happened?"

"We did a couple of shows today," she said, "and when we got back to town too late to eat, General Hartle asked us here."

"Who cooked?" I asked.

"I did," she said. "It looks like it, doesn't it? I'm sorry I loused up your kitchen."

"That's all right," I said. She began taking dishes from the sink, but I said: "Never mind. I'll clean up. Go on back to the movie."

"I've seen the movie already," she said. "Why don't we have a cup of coffee?"

As I made fresh coffee, we talked about home. Martha told me about the brown-outs, rationing, and what New York was like with thousands of servicemen wandering through Times Square. "I know it sounds corny," she said, "but you don't know how good you've got it here."

"We'd still rather be home," I said. I noticed the big diamond ring she was wearing. "That's quite a rock. Who's the lucky guy?"

"Oh," she said, "some Greek."

I learned later it was Nick Condos, whom she married and divorced, but whom she still retains as her manager. Martha stayed in the kitchen until I had almost finished cleaning up. She made another pot of coffee and fixed a tray of cups and saucers. All the time we talked, she was quiet and serious, and I was surprised to discover this side of her personality. She knew that people expected her to be wild, but for the moment she seemed to enjoy just

relaxing. Then, mindful once more of her audience, she picked up the coffee tray like a prop, opened the swinging door and exited making faces and screaming wisecracks. I heard the others in the living room laughing as she came in: she was on-stage again. I knew how tired she was, and it occurred to me that anyone who would perform even for as small an audience as the General's guests just because she felt it was expected of her was certainly doing more than her share of war work.

On November 1, 1942, General Eisenhower left England for Africa. I knew, a few days before his departure, that he was going. I didn't know how long he'd be away; there was a chance, I realized, that he might not return at all, and I made up my mind that I was going to go with him. I went to Captain Butcher and asked how this could be arranged. He said he would look into it and let me know. Next day, he called me into his office and said:

"I've talked to General Eisenhower about your going along to Africa, but I'm afraid there isn't much chance. You see, if you were just regular Headquarters' staff, it would be all right, but you're personally assigned to General Hartle, and General Eisenhower doesn't believe in shanghaiing another general's men."

"I'm sure it'd be all right with General Hartle," I said.

"Sure it would," Butcher said, "but only because he'd know General Eisenhower wants you. That's the whole point of it."

"Then I can't go?"

"I guess not," said Butcher. "Anyway, General Eisenhower wants you to do him a favor while he's away. He wants you to keep an eye on Telegraph Cottage."

"Take care of the house for him?"

"That's right."

"Then he's coming back?"

"That's all I can tell you," he said. "Just see that the house stays in one piece."

This was crumbs compared to what I wanted, but at least it was the first direct order I had ever received from General Eisenhower, and I was happy to obey it. During the first weeks after he went to command the African invasions, I went to Telegraph Cottage everyday. Some Air Force officers were later assigned to live there, which annoyed me, but there was nothing I could do about it. I saw to it, however, that the orderly appointed to the house was a buddy of mine, and I goaded him into working so hard to keep everything in top shape that one day he turned on me and said: "Do you own this joint, or something?"

In January, 1943, V Corps moved from Northern Ireland to Bristol. General Hartle, who had been filling in for Eisenhower in London, was reassigned to command the Corps, which meant that all of us returned to our old outfit. Busy at Bristol, with Corps headquarters to billet and feed, I was lucky to get back to Telegraph Cottage twice a month. I made the trip whenever I could, looking forward to the day when General Eisenhower would return.

In July, General Hartle became ill and returned to the United States. He was replaced by Maj. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow. This time, I was determined, I was going to keep my distance so that, if ever the chance came again to work for Eisenhower, I would be able to request a transfer without any compunction. But before long I found myself as close to General Gerow as I had been to General Hartle. The time came when I had to stop and remind myself that my goal was to work for General Eisenhower.

A few weeks after General Gerow took command, he sent for me and said: "The Queen Mother Mary is coming out here to see her first baseball game. Do you think you

could fix up some kind of lawn party?" I told him I could. He said: "One other thing: the Queen doesn't like the sun, so you're going to have to figure someway to keep her in the shade."

It was easy enough to keep the buffet tables in the shade: I got long strips of canvas and stretched them on poles over the tables. But the Army had nothing I could use as an umbrella over the chair where the Queen would sit during the game. I toured the Bristol department stores, but with no luck. Then I remembered that there was a seaside resort not far from town and I drove out to it. It was closed because of the war, but I located a man who before the war owned a concession of deck-chairs and beach umbrellas. He wasn't willing to rent any of his equipment, until I told him why I needed at least one chair and umbrella, and then he readily contributed several of each to the party.

Remembering my sad adventure with American-type sandwiches in Northern Ireland, I spent an entire day making tiny sandwiches which I hoped would satisfy the Queen and which I knew would befuddle the Army. On the day of the party, I made tea biscuits—or crumpets, as the English call them, and when the Queen arrived with the Duchess of Kent, the layout looked as British as Buckingham Palace. The only shortcoming was the chairs and the umbrellas, on each of which in big red letters was the name of the beach resort where they had come from. But nobody said anything, and the party came off without a hitch. When the baseball game was over, the Queen came to me, holding in her hand one of the paper cigarette filters she used.

She said: "I didn't think to bring anything suitable, but perhaps you will accept this as a souvenir. I had a wonder-

ful time. The sandwiches were delicious and the tea was perfect."

I thanked her for the compliments and the souvenir and said: "I hope I have the pleasure of serving you again."

"I hope so, too," she said, then turned and looked directly at the lettering on her beach chair and umbrella. "You are a very resourceful young man."

On one of my trips to inspect Telegraph Cottage, I heard talk at headquarters that a new military organization was going to be formed, and from the sound of things it was going to be an important outfit. Back at V Corps headquarters, I learned that the new unit would probably take over command of the entire European theatre, that General George C. Marshall would go to London to assume command of it, and that General Eisenhower would return to the U.S. to become Army chief of staff. The plans were too guarded for wide discussion, but I felt people were wrong about who would command the new outfit. I believed that Eisenhower would be the commander, but the only basis I had for this was the fact that he had asked me to keep an eye on his house. Months had passed since then, to be sure, but I was convinced I was right. I thought I'd play safe and start letting people know that I intended to become a member of that new outfit.

The more I talked about it, the more work I got around headquarters. In a few weeks, it was impossible to find time to get down to London to check on Telegraph Cottage, and I had to give instructions to the cottage orderly by mail. Even when I found time to make the trip, the motor pool never seemed to have transportation available. I wondered if it was all a plot to keep me around. This didn't seem justified, since with millions of men in the Army there were certainly a few other good cooks who could easily

have replaced me. Modesty aside, it takes more than a good cook to be a good mess sergeant, and this, I realized, was my principal value to V Corps. I came close to ruining my plans in proving that point.

Most of the outfit had been overseas almost two years. From time to time, I heard the men discussing food, which may sound strange but when you are forced, by the regimentation of the Army, to live a simple life you yearn for simple pleasures. There were two food items the men missed: ice cream and fresh corn.

The Navy had equipment to make ice cream, but it was bolted down on ships and I couldn't get any of it. But I managed to acquire some of the ice cream mix. There was, in Bristol, an ice cream factory that had been closed by the war. We were able to arrange the use of it for a couple of weeks, but we soon sensed a quiet resentment among the British over the fact that we had ice cream and they didn't. To avoid friction, we gave up the factory. But the men still wanted ice cream, and the only way to make it was the old-fashioned way, in buckets of salt and ice. A quick scrounging tour of Bristol produced the necessary equipment, and a visit to headquarter's maintennce shops soon put it in shape for proper use. Churning the ice cream mix was the only job our KPs didn't resent.

Getting the fresh corn was not as easy. None was available around Bristol, either from civilian or military sources, so I wrote home and had friends send me some seed. I located a family outside of town that had a sizeable hot house. They rented me a small area and I planted the seeds. For weeks, I went to the hothouse every day, tending my crops like a good farmer, and I kept the project a secret, just in case it failed. Fortunately, it didn't. One morning in August I picked the crop, sneaked it into the mess hall, cleaned and cooked it, and when headquarters' staff had

been seated for a few minutes at lunch, I lined up the waiters and had them march into the room carrying platters of steaming ears of corn. A big cheer went up. The personnel officer jumped to his feet and announced: "Snyder, you are hereby promoted to the rank of general!"

"You don't mean it," I said.

"I do," he insisted, "and I'll fix it up as soon as there's room for another general on the T.O."

This was all a lot of fun, but it didn't help much when I tried to get out of the outfit. In October, V Corps units moved to Taunton and Somerset. I remained behind for a few weeks to help First Army move into our old location, and it was then that I met General Omar Bradley. During the time it took to find a house for General Bradley and his aides, and then to fix it up for them, I had several chats with the General. After the war, when I opened my restaurant, General Bradley was among the first to drop in and wish me luck.

On the way to rejoin V Corps, I detoured into London to inspect Telegraph Cottage, and when I finally reached headquarters I discovered that I was restricted to the area. This was supposed to be a punishment of some kind; I couldn't imagine what I had done wrong. Nobody else seemed to know either. I made a through-channels inquiry, and the only thing I was told was that someone had ordered me to stay in camp. Finally, a buddy told me: "Open your eyes; they just want to keep you from getting too popular around the new London headquarters."

At last, I went to General Gerow and told him what had happened. "I can't be locked up here," I said. "I have orders to keep an eye on General Eisenhower's house."

"I'm not locking you up," the General said. "You can go to London whenever you have time, as far as I'm concerned."

So the restriction order which nobody apparently gave was rescinded and I was able to resume my trips to London. Early in January, I was called to General Gerow's office.

"I guess this is what you've been waiting for," he said, holding up a piece of paper. "I've just received orders transferring you to the new headquarters; you're to be General Eisenhower's headquarters mess sergeant."

I couldn't hide my smile.

"Now," General Gerow said, "I want you to know that you don't have to accept these orders if you don't want to."

"But they're orders," I said.

"I know, but I can always say you're essential to morale," he said. "You have a lot of friends here, Sergeant, and we're all highly satisfied with your work. We'd hate losing you."

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but I think the change would be good for *my* morale."

"You want a day or so to think this over?" he offered.

"No, sir," I said. "I'll go."

He tossed the orders on his desk and said: "All right."

It was very much all right. As much as I liked V Corps, now I would be working for General Eisenhower: the impulsive thought that had seized me three years before on Louisiana maneuvers had finally materialized.

The new unit was called SHAEF—Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces. I reported for work in January, 1944, shortly after General Eisenhower returned from the Mediterranean. Air Force officers were still living at Telegraph Cottage, and rather than evict them Eisenhower took a small house in the West End, about five minutes from headquarters at 20 Grosvenor Square. Most of the company lived at Bushy Park, on the outskirts of

London. I was in charge of all headquarters' messes and the meals of the high ranking officers who lived in private homes in the city. Shortly after we were all set up, the Germans started buzz-bombing London. A few hits struck much too close to headquarters and it was decided to move us out of the area. Headquarters went to Bushy Park; the Air Force officers were told they had to go, and General Eisenhower returned to Telegraph Cottage.

I saw General Eisenhower every day, either at headquarters or at the house. The main dining hall at SHAEF was the Yankee Doodle Room, reserved for Allied generals. I was standing at the door on opening day, and when General Eisenhower entered for the first time, he stopped, smiled, and said: "Hello, Sergeant, it's good to have you with us." He put out his hand and I took it.

"It's wonderful to be working for you, sir," I said. "At last."

His smile broadened, and he went to his table, a corner table for four which I saved for him every meal. Ordinarily, lunch was the only meal he took at headquarters, but on days when everyone worked late he also came in for dinner. At ten each morning and four in the afternoon, I sent tea to his office, which he preferred to coffee. Occasionally, just to get away from his desk, he'd stroll into the kitchen and fix his own tea, sometimes drinking it there or carrying it back to his office. Other officers often did the same thing, but somehow their presence in the kitchen always made the enlisted men uncomfortable. Eisenhower was different. There was a casualness about him that immediately put everyone at ease. Sometimes he'd glance at the stoves to see what was cooking, but he seemed to make a point of trying not to be in the way. The men sensed this and liked him for it. He was never presumptuous about anything, which was a rare trait in officers and a surprising

one in a general. Nor was he patronizing; the men would have hated that. He was himself all the time. He let you know that he liked you and that he appreciated whatever you did for him. No one could ask more of a man who carried the weight of a war on his shoulders.

His table for four in the Yankee Doodle Room was usually enough for him, unless he had guests. His lunches were light, most often a soup and a sandwich or a salad. With guests, he ate more, but only so that they would. Sir Winston Churchill came to lunch several times, as did Sir Anthony Eden; King George and the Queen Mother Mary were entertained, and General De Gaulle. It occurred to me that, with such important guests, General Eisenhower would have preferred to have lunch served privately in his office or in a special room I could easily have arranged.

I suggested this, but he said: "The Yankee Doodle Room is fine. It's comfortable, and convenient for you, too. Besides, it gives guests a chance to see how well the Allied staff gets along."

The important luncheons were strictly social. Guests arrived shortly before the meal and left soon after. There was a good reason for this, as far as Eisenhower was concerned. Whenever he had war business to discuss with Churchill, Eden or anyone else of their stature, he went to them. Out of his respect for elected government leaders, he felt it was his place to make any necessary trips. Even though he had five stars and was commander in chief of the largest armies ever assembled, he looked upon himself as a military man who had been appointed to his position and therefore subordinate to statesmen who had been voted into their jobs. His attitude was more than a respect for such men personally, but also for the people who had elected them. I saw evidence of this countless times, even

when the statesmen involved were Congressmen who, because of their conduct, didn't deserve any respect.

I spent as much time as I could at Telegraph Cottage. Mickey McKeogh was there, living in the trailer that had been Eisenhower's living and working quarters during the African campaign. John Moaney and John Hunt lived in a small house on the grounds. I was a little jealous about that, and I mentioned it to Captain Butcher.

"I thought you'd feel that way," he said. "I talked to the General about it sometime ago, but he felt you had too much experience as a mess sergeant to limit yourself to cooking for our small group. Besides, we're all perfectly aware that we wouldn't be eating as well as we are if it wasn't for you."

I had, on returning to London, resumed my friendships with nearby farmers. Fresh fruit was still hard to get, but I managed to acquire an adequate supply of apricots, peaches and grapes in exchange for tea. For sugar and flour, I was able to get eggs and cream. Also, I found a bakery where, by providing the flour I got from the Navy, I could have white bread baked for headquarters and Telegraph Cottage, instead of the dark bread we usually got. The challenge of such scroungings was to pull off the deals while remaining within the confines of civilian and military law. Sometimes this wasn't easy, but I managed—or else I wouldn't be telling about it now.

In April, 1944, a SHAEF meeting of section leaders was held at which we were told that some of us were to go to Portsmouth to set up an advance command post. Though the fact wasn't mentioned, we realized this was the first step towards the European invasion. The camp site was at Southwick, six miles north of Portsmouth, in a wooded area outside of town. The camp was fenced in, and guards

were posted around the clock. As the camp took shape, Eisenhower's trailer was brought down from Telegraph Cottage, and I knew from this that he intended to spend considerable time at Southwick. The tempo at SHAEF quickened.

It was about this time that SHAEF received an unusual visitor—Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. His fame in combat had already reached us, and on its heels was the story of how, while visiting a hospital, he had slapped an enlisted man reportedly suffering from combat fatigue. As a result of this, Patton lost his command, and we knew that his visit to SHAEF was not a friendly one. The papers in the States were making a big issue of it and were demanding that he be ordered home. It was generally believed that Eisenhower had sent for him. Under the circumstances, we felt, Patton would probably be ordered back to the States. To a man who thrived on combat, as he did, this was the height of punishment. Surely he knew about the forthcoming European invasion, and it was widely known that he had his heart set on getting command of the Third Army.

Patton arrived at headquarters early in the morning, fully decked out in his helmet and two pistols. He was the most war-like man I had ever seen: heavy-set, solid, forceful, frowning. Whether or not he had an appointment, he didn't get in to see General Eisenhower immediately. All morning, he sat outside Eisenhower's office or restlessly paced the corridors. Noon came, and instead of going into the Yankee Doodle Room, which was for generals only, Patton went over to the junior officers' mess. I wondered if this was a self-inflicted penance, or if he merely wanted to avoid the embarrassment of running into General Eisenhower at lunch.

Earlier, when the news of the slapping incident reached

us, I could see how disturbed Eisenhower was. Periodically, the traditional officer-enlisted man friction popped up, despite the fact that General Eisenhower did all he could to prevent it. The slapping episode, especially since it involved a famous general whose ruggedness was already a legend, created a lot of ill will all over the world. Nevertheless, when the event occurred, Eisenhower observed to those who were close to him: "Patton is an expert fighting commander, and I don't think a single incident like this should be allowed to ruin the career of a man of his calibre."

Patton, of course, wasn't aware of this, and he was a worried man as he waited to see General Eisenhower. His presence in the junior officers' mess aroused such excitement that nobody could eat. After lunch, he returned to wait outside Eisenhower's door. It was late afternoon before he got in. I was sure that, whatever he felt inwardly, Eisenhower wasn't going to let Patton off without a good chewing out—at which, we all knew, he excelled when the occasion called for it. From the look on Patton's face when, an hour later, he came stomping down the hall, I knew that he'd got it. But he was smiling.

An aide stepped to him. "How did it go, General?"

"All right," Patton said. "I don't have to go home." His voice was that of a chastised boy who was grateful he had gotten off so easy, and as he walked away, his step as proud and firm as ever, it occurred to me how rarely we know what is really going on inside people.

Shortly before General Eisenhower moved to Portsmouth, he sent word to me that he was having a Sunday afternoon lawn party for Winston Churchill. "I want it to be an American-type party," he said. "Get some hot dogs."

This sounded like a simple order until I tried to get them. There were no hot dogs at headquarters, none at other bases in the area, none anywhere in London. I was

about to admit defeat when I thought of the Navy. Ordinarily, the Navy drove a hard bargain, so when I began my tour of ships in search of hot dogs I was prepared to barter to any extreme to get them. But I was lucky right off.

"Sure we got 'em," a ship's cook said. "How many do you want?"

"Better let me have six dozen," I said, ready to have him complain. Instead, he gave me ten dozen, then asked if I wanted more. "I think this will be plenty," I said. "Now, what's the deal?"

"No deal," he said. "We're glad to get rid of 'em."

I was glad to take them off his hands. The party guests arrived early, among them being Field Marshal Montgomery, Air Marshal Tedder, Captain Butcher, and Churchill's daughter Sarah. Moaney, Hunt and I set up a field range on the Telegraph Cottage lawn; they served the hot dogs as I cooked them. Most of the afternoon, General Eisenhower and Winston Churchill sat in the shade and chatted, munching their hot dogs and sipping cold beer. Sarah Churchill and Captain Butcher spent their time playing badminton, challenging other guests when either of them got tired. Later in the day, someone discovered that it was fun spearing hot dogs in the kettle, and they all gathered around to try their luck. General Eisenhower got his on the first stab, but Churchill had to try several times. When he finally succeeded, everybody gave a big cheer.

The party broke up in the late afternoon, and as he left Winston Churchill came over and presented cigars to Moaney, Hunt and myself. He said: "And thank you for the hot dogs. They are a delicacy fit for a king, which is undoubtedly why His Majesty enjoyed them so much himself." He was referring to the famous "weenie" roast the King and Queen of England had attended years before

with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park, and he seemed pleased when our understanding grins indicated that we remembered the event.

Several days after the party, Sgt. Mike Popp, who took care of Eisenhower's clothes, arrived at Portsmouth with the General's luggage. I knew then that Eisenhower was about to move down to the advance command post. This meant that I'd be seeing more of him than during the previous weeks when I was forced to divide my time between London and Portsmouth. I was glad about that part of it, but I also realized that he'd be giving full attention now to the last hours of preparation for the European invasion—the greatest military responsibility ever shouldered by a single man. I easily imagined what a strain this would be on him and I wished there was something I could do to help. That afternoon, when he arrived, I stepped from my tent-office and watched him get out of his car. His face was sober and serious as he walked to his trailer, but at the door he glanced in my direction and, seeing me, casually waved his arm and grinned. I knew then that, whatever the task ahead of him, he was confidently capable of taking care of it, and I decided that the best thing for me to do was stick to my pots and pans.

CHAPTER FOUR

Freedom Is the Big Job

THE OFFICERS' MESS AT SOUTHWICK WAS A FEW YARDS from General Eisenhower's trailer. When he was exceptionally busy I took his meals to him, but as he began to spend more time at the advance command post he preferred to eat with his staff. Being an early riser, he was usually ready for breakfast before the rest of the staff began to stir. Often when I entered the kitchen at six-thirty, I would find him there alone, frying eggs or mixing pancake batter. This was relaxation for him, but I knew he was the kind of man who was busy concentrating on his problems even when he appeared idle, so after exchanging greetings I would let him alone. Sometimes I'd arrive when, having finished eating, he would be cleaning up. I'd insist that he let me do that for him. Occasionally he'd have a second cup of coffee and we'd talk while I washed his utensils. Then I'd watch him walk briskly to his trailer, eager for the long day's hard work.

Everybody soon realized that we were headquarters for the European invasion. From experience, we knew better than to talk about it, even among ourselves, but the fact was no secret to the nearby civilians—or to the Germans, for that matter. We had only been at Southwick a few days when the buzz-bombs started. Most of them undershot their mark and pulverized the city of Portsmouth, but a few of them struck close enough to headquarters to shake

us out of our beds. Sometimes General Eisenhower greeted me in the morning with: "That was a close one last night, wasn't it? For a minute, I thought we'd had it." There were times when we were still at Bushy Park that I thought we'd had it, for sure. We once had twenty-four air raids in a single day, which kept everyone—including Eisenhower—scurrying to shelters all day. Most often, Bushy Park escaped unharmed, but we had orders not to take any chances; General Eisenhower obeyed each air raid warning more to set an example than for his own protection. After each raid, he made quick inspections. Once, the WAC barracks was hit, killing three girls, and later the mess hall was so badly damaged that we were unable to use it for two days. Only after he was sure that everything was done for the injured did the General return to his desk.

Fortunately, the Germans never got a direct bead on the Southwick command post, and so we were able to carry on our work without too many interruptions. Troops and supplies moved steadily to the southern coast of England. All day, unit commanders hurried to our headquarters to make reports. Our camp population fluctuated hourly and I never knew how many would be around for meals. Being near the coast, I was able to get various kinds of seafood to vary the menu—a change which everybody welcomed. For a while, I was friendly with a fisherman who let me have enough lobsters every week to provide a banquet for headquarters's staff. As before, I drove around the countryside, getting acquainted with farmers, and again I was able to barter for eggs, cheese, fruit and white bread. To reach my office, I had to pass Eisenhower's trailer, then park some twenty yards away. Eventually, he learned just about when I'd be returning from a scrounging trip, and as my jeep rumbled passed the trailer, he'd step out and wave me to a halt.

"Well, what kind of luck did you have today?" he'd invariably ask.

I'd show him my loot, and we'd talk about the best way to fix the various items. One day, I asked: "Is there anything special you'd like to have?"

"Yes," he said, "as a matter of fact there is. I'd like to have some Boston baked beans."

"I can take care of that," I said.

That afternoon, I went to a Navy base and acquired dry beans as easily as I had earlier obtained the hot dogs; apparently the Navy had also had its fill of beans. Back at the post, I prepared the beans myself, then arranged for the MP on duty that night to watch the pot all night so that the water wouldn't boil away. In the morning, I prepared the beans for baking, seasoning them with tomatoes. I had to be off the base during lunch hour next day, but I arranged with John Moaney to serve the beans to Eisenhower. I got back around two, with just time to work a few minutes before hurrying up to London. As I started my jeep and began the trip, the General stepped from his trailer.

I stopped near him and asked: "How were the beans?"

He frowned, pretending to be disgusted with me. "Who ever said you know how to make Boston baked beans?" he asked.

"Why?" I asked. "What was wrong?"

"Since when do you put tomatoes in Boston baked beans?" he said.

I said: "Oh. You prefer sorghum syrup?"

"Certainly," he said. "Without the syrup, baked beans aren't Boston."

"My error," I said. "Next time I'll know better."

But there was no next time. I hunted all over London for sorghum syrup, but there was none to be found, and I

never had a chance to atone for my sin. I managed some expiation later, however, when Eisenhower mentioned that he'd like some hominy. This was never a popular dish in the Army and I found a large supply of it in a Quartermaster warehouse. I bacon-fried the hominy and served it as a vegetable. It was very successful and I felt a little better.

As D-Day approached, a tension came over the camp that kept most of us on edge. We knew the day was soon, but the uncertainty of not knowing the exact date made everyone nervous and impatient. Such an attitude can make a great difference in an outfit, and I did what I could to overcome it. To give the men something else to think about, I varied the daily menu as much as possible. Once I prepared a full-course turkey dinner, just because I knew it would be a big surprise. To ease the pressure on the General, arrangements were made for Eisenhower to fish on the small lake on an adjacent estate. He rarely had time for this, but the few occasions he did always seemed to bring him back refreshed and in a light mood.

On June 4, Winston Churchill and General De Gaulle came to see General Eisenhower. I felt certain now that the invasion wasn't far off. The tempo of the camp increased; the atmosphere was brittle with anticipation. Tension the next day was even greater, and that night General Eisenhower left the base, something he rarely did. John Moaney, too, sensed that something important was going on. He and John Hunt, who were usually free when the General went away, couldn't bring themselves to move more than a few feet from the trailer. As the hours passed, the two of them drifted to the kitchen, where I had been trying to keep myself busy. I made coffee for all of us and, to occupy ourselves, we played cards.

Midnight came and went. At two, we heard the planes

going over. Ordinarily, we wouldn't have paid too much attention to them, but their number was so great and the stream of them so steady that we realized this was far more than a normal night raid on the continent.

It was three o'clock when General Eisenhower returned with Captain Butcher. I heard their car pull up. Almost immediately, they came into the mess hall.

"Any coffee?" Butcher asked.

"I'll make some fresh, right away," I said. I got up to prepare it, but the sight of General Eisenhower, standing alone and a little apart, stopped me. He looked at each of us, slowly, deeply, and from the expression on his face I knew that his mind was miles away.

"Well," he said at last, "it's on. Nobody can stop it now."

We waited, but he said no more. Butcher said: "Marty, bring the coffee over when it's ready." He led Eisenhower from the room.

A few minutes later, I took the coffee to the trailer and Captain Butcher accepted it at the door. Moaney, Hunt and I sat in the mess hall for another hour talking, wondering what it must be like on the other side of the English Channel. When we went to bed, the lights were still on in the General's trailer.

Long afterwards, I learned that General Eisenhower had taken upon himself the responsibility of deciding where and when the invasion would occur. Winston Churchill and British Air Chief Hugh Mallory both disagreed with his decision. Insisting upon it meant that Eisenhower was virtually on his own. If anything had gone wrong, if the Allies had been pushed back into the sea and slaughtered, the blame would have been Eisenhower's alone. None of us knew that on June 6, or we would have worried more than we did about the invasion progress, worried more be-

cause we would have known of the great moral pressure that weighed on Eisenhower all that day.

The day passed quickly, with no time for all the things that had to be done. Couriers poured into headquarters all day from surrounding bases, telephones never stopped. General Eisenhower spent the entire day in the War Room, directing strategy. The excitement was exhilarating, and I'm sure everybody worked harder than ever before in his life. On June 7, Eisenhower crossed the Channel by ship for a first-hand study of the invasion. When he came back, I asked him how things were going.

"Rough," he said, "but we're there to stay. The men are fighting magnificently."

John Eisenhower, the General's son, was visiting us then. Newly commissioned from West Point, his desire to get into the fighting immediately was obvious to everyone. It was obvious, too, that the General would have liked to keep him around, but we knew it would never happen. John had merely been lucky enough to get permission to visit his father. General Eisenhower looked upon his son as Army property, subject to the same rules and regulations as every man in uniform, and his assignments would come from his commander. Though the General certainly had enough influence to have John transferred to SHAEF, that would have amounted to shanghaiing another commander's personnel, which Eisenhower refused to do, or to favoritism, which was unthinkable. Eisenhower took John with him on several inspection flights to the battle zone and spent as much time with him as possible, but after three weeks the young lieutenant reluctantly returned to the States.

Soon afterwards, in August, I received orders to get ready to set up an advance command post on the continent. The site was a Normandy apple orchard, directly

under the crossfire of artillery and ack-ack. Eisenhower himself had made the decision to move. Even though Southwick was only a twenty-minute flight from the front, the General wanted to be as close as he could in the event of any sudden changes in battle progress. With my crew, I made several trips to the orchard to complete mess-hall arrangements, and we were ready for business when General Eisenhower and his staff arrived. And it was rough business. Shells burst continually all around us; we spent half the time ducking into fox holes. General Eisenhower made his frequent inspection flights in a C-47, which became the target of every enemy gun in the area every time it took off and landed. My heart stopped when, one day, I was told that the plane had crashed. I thought it might have been hit, but I learned that its landing gear had collapsed as it rolled to a stop. The General had suffered only an injured knee, but was otherwise all right. After that, I was never at ease when he was out of my sight.

The Allies were moving fast. In a few days, our post in the orchard was too far from the front to satisfy Eisenhower, and we began a series of quick moves. To keep fluid, we brought the General's trailer from England. There were days when we didn't have two meals in the same area, sleepless nights as we packed or unpacked, hours when we weren't sure which direction we were going to move.

On August 10, we entered Granville and occupied a hotel. We knew we wouldn't be there long, but nevertheless all communications had to be set up. At last, I had a real kitchen in which to work. Food was rushed in and I was able to serve decent meals to the men who so greatly deserved them. In my eagerness, I got myself into some trouble. Following my old pattern, I went to farmers for fresh vegetables, which they willingly gave me. When Lt. Gen. Walter (Beetle) Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, saw

them, he asked where I got them and I told him. He was furious.

"General Eisenhower doesn't want us to take any food from the civilians," he said. "They need all they have. The men at the front are eating dehydrated food, and the General says so can we."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "I didn't know."

"It's your job to find out."

"I've been moving around pretty fast," I said.

"So has everybody else," he said.

There was nothing I could say to that, and since this was the first time I had seen General Smith lose his temper I decided I'd better not say anything, even if I thought of it. After that, we ate dehydrated food.

On our second night in Granville, a nest of Germans on an off-shore island stormed the town and attacked the hotel. We thought they were after General Eisenhower and our retaliation was fierce. But they were only after food. They rushed into the kitchen, grabbed boxes of canned stuffs and ran away to the hills as fast as they could. Like others, when the shooting started, I hurried from my room, downstairs and into the street. When we discovered what had happened, one of the men said:

"What d'ya think of that, Sarge? All this shooting just for some of your lousy chow!"

"Don't kid yourself," I said. "Somebody must have told them who's the mess sergeant of this outfit. I want more respect around here from now on."

Two days later, I had the occasion to lose any respect I might have had. We had moved on to Jullouville. All along the route, civilians rushed to the roadside and threw flowers, bottles of wine and fruit at us. We threw cigarettes and chewing gum at them. At Jullouville, a delegation came to headquarters and presented a cow to General Ei-

senhower so that he could have fresh milk. Under the circumstances, despite the orders not to take food from the civilians, the cow could not be refused. The first morning we had it, Moaney, Hunt and I gathered around the cow and tried to solve how to get the milk out of it. Each of us tried, pulling, squeezing, massaging, but we couldn't get a drop. I heard:

"What's going on here?"

I looked around. It was General Eisenhower. "We can't get this thing to work," I said.

"Let me sit down," he said. "I'll show you how to do this."

I got up from the stool and the General sat down. Then, in steady, gentle strokes, he began to milk the cow. In a few minutes, the bucket was full. Moaney, Hunt and I watched, disgusted with ourselves. When he had finished, Eisenhower stood up and said: "You city slickers have a lot to learn." Then he laughed and went back to his trailer. His boyhood on Kansas farms had left its mark.

My big job, as we raced towards Paris, was to keep my supplies up with our unit. There were times when we moved so fast that I had to drive back as much as fifty miles to get rations for our meals. The closer we approached to Paris, the more difficult the job became. Finally, I stopped worrying about the meals themselves and fretted only about getting the food. Several times I drove all the way back to Cherbourg, a problem not so much in distance as passing through the many road blocks. Pockets of Germans had been isolated by the forward rush; some of them had stripped wounded and dead Allies and, putting on their uniforms, either escaped or spent days sabotaging our communications before they were caught. Road blocks kept the Germans hemmed in until the Allies could go into the woods after them. Many Germans

spoke English fluently, so knowing the language wasn't any help in passing the guards, and because of the vast movements throughout the area it was impossible to use one password for all the troops. The only way to identify friendly troops, then, was with questions about home. Whenever I traveled in search of food, I was stopped every mile and had to answer questions like: "Who's managing the Dodgers this year?" and "What's the capital of Montana?" "What's Jack Benny's butler's name?" This made every trip a challenge, because I never knew when not knowing the answers would land me in jail. When I realized this was going to go on for some time, I decided the best thing to do was to take some smart KPs along, which I did.

Paris was liberated on August 25. Three days later, the headquarters command entered the city and went to the Hotel Raphael. I was put in charge, with the job of seeing that officers were properly billeted and fed. Within a few weeks, I had seven more hotels to manage, involving thousands of men and thousands of meals daily—all of which made me feel like a GI Conrad Hilton. As soon as possible, General Eisenhower moved SHAEF offices out to Versailles because he did not want headquarters to be located in a big city. Eisenhower was offered several sumptuous houses for his private quarters, but he refused them all, including the Royal Palace at Versailles. He felt the palace was a monument which belonged to the people of France and it should not be used as a residence for anyone. He finally decided on a modest house at St. Germain. Its previous occupant had been Rundstedt, the German general who had commanded Occupied Paris. I wondered if Eisenhower's choice was meant to be symbolic of the liberation, but when I mentioned this to him he said that it hadn't occurred to him.

"Symbolic gestures don't accomplish much," he said. "We can't expect to liberate Europe just by taking over enemy generals' homes. Liberating cities isn't the reason for this war. We've got to liberate a lot of European minds from their distorted human values. That's the big job, and we won't start that until after the fighting's over."

Yes, sir, I thought, and when we get started I hope you're still running the show.

CHAPTER FIVE

Americans in Paris

GENERAL EISENHOWER HELD HIS PARIS PRESS CONFERences in the Hotel Scribe. The Scribe, one of the hotels under my management, was reserved for war correspondents. Captain Butcher, who also served as Eisenhower's press relations officer, told me to forget the rule book, as far as correspondents went. "They're civilians," he said, "and don't come under Army discipline. Besides, they're risking their lives as much as the troops are. When they're in town for a few days, they deserve a good time."

They had it. The Scribe was the only GI-type hotel with room service—including women. Meals were served around the clock, prepared by excellent French chefs acquired on a reverse lend-lease plan. The bars never closed and guests were permitted at any hour. Correspondents were gregarious by nature, and they displayed this by pulling into the hotel any number of people they chanced to encounter on the streets at any hour of the day or night. Often, just to escape eating alone, they'd ask me to sit with them. There were days when I ate a dozen meals, just to provide company for men like Edward R. Murrow, Bob Capra, Charles Collingwood and George Lyons. In time, I got used to the strange faces that constantly popped into the Scribe and I learned not to ask too many questions. One afternoon I saw an enlisted man wandering through the lobby, and I was about to ignore him when he came to me.

"Is there any place around here where a guy can get a meal?" he asked.

"Sure," I said. "Are you a war correspondent?"

"No."

"There's a mess hall about a mile up the street," I said, "for men who are in town for the day."

"I don't want to walk that far," he said. "Can't I get something here?"

"This place is for correspondents and their guests. Do you know any of the guys?"

"A couple of them," he said, "but I haven't run into them yet."

I looked into one of the small dining rooms; it was empty. "Sit in here," I said. "I'll bring you a tray."

I brought the tray and a cup of coffee for myself and sat with him while he ate. He said he was from California, where he knew several newspapermen. He talked at length about California, mostly the Fresno area, and from things he said I guessed he was a farmer. When he finished eating, we strolled across the lobby and one of the correspondents stepped up to us.

"Hi, Bill," he said. "What are you doing around here?"

"I was looking for you so I could bum a meal."

"Did you get fed?" the correspondent asked.

Bill said: "Yes; the sergeant took care of me."

"You two meet?"

I said: "We had lunch, but we didn't meet."

The correspondent said: "This is William Saroyan."

I said: "Oh. That explains why you know so much about Fresno farmers. Consider yourself a member of the Scribe, Bill." He did, and I saw him frequently after that and he never put me on the spot by asking if I had read any of his books. In this, he differed from many of the correspondents, who expected you to have memorized every-

thing they wrote. Saroyan was quiet and unobtrusive, apparently grateful to have a place where, among his friends, he could escape from Army life for a few hours, and I often wondered how he had ever gained the reputation of being a wild character; he never took advantage of the Scribe facilities to blow off steam. To me, Saroyan, like Martha Raye, was a further contribution to the lesson I was learning from meeting important people: out of the spotlight, where they know they are expected to behave like celebrities, most of them are fine human beings with that extra measure of humility that keeps their feet on the ground.

I sensed this same humility in General Eisenhower each time he stood in front of the war correspondents at his press conference. His humility gave the impression of shyness, or lack of confidence, and some reporters felt that either he disliked press conferences or the correspondents themselves. If anything, the General wasn't shy, and pursuing his habit of thinking everything out before talking or moving, he always spoke with the confidence that came from his many years of experience. His personal feelings towards any of the reporters would never have influenced his cooperation with them; where work was concerned, the General was concerned only with an individual's abilities, not his personality: I had known him to work congenially with men he respected professionally but hadn't much use for otherwise. If he disliked press conferences, he never said so: he looked upon them as a duty, a channel of information to people back home who had a right to know how the war was going, and I think the General was more aware of a reporter's responsibilities of accuracy and impartiality than the man was himself. He felt that standing in front of a roomful of reporters was somewhat like standing in front of the entire American population. He was

therefore direct in his answers, completely honest even when the news was bad. Because of his many obligations and his respect for the correspondent's time, he was brief, fast, and ended the conference as quickly as possible. This might have given some men the impression that the General disliked the conferences, but I doubt if he ever gave them a thought, other than they were something he had to do regularly.

I think most of the reporters liked him; I know the French worshipped him. They always knew when he'd be in the city, and they'd wait for hours outside a building to watch him come and go. They cheered, of course, and they wept and threw flowers at him. He was their liberator, their hero, and they let him know it. One afternoon after a press conference, thousands of Parisians crowded around General Eisenhower's car outside the Scribe. When he stepped from the hotel, a great cheer went up. Eisenhower smiled and waved at the people. Then he noticed, across the street, the signs of the new Allied Club for enlisted men of other nations. The Red Cross and USO had already taken excellent care of GIs; the Allied Club, founded by the British and French, was meant principally to be a place where non-English speaking men could eat, sleep and have some fun. Eisenhower turned to British Air Marshal Tedder, who was with him, and said: "Let's go over and pay our respects to the club."

When the crowd realized what he was doing, that the commander in chief of the Allied forces was taking time to spend a few minutes in an enlisted men's club, a happy riot almost broke out. This was something that would never have occurred to a foreign general—or to many American generals, for that matter. But Eisenhower was sincerely interested in the club and wanted to see it. For a moment, I thought the ecstatic crowd was going to mob

him. As some people fought to get near him, others fought to make room for him to walk. He remained in the club a half hour, and the crowd was still waiting when he came out. At that moment, I'm sure, the French would have given him the entire country if he wanted it.

As the war moved on and General Eisenhower followed it, he gave up his St. Germain house and, when in Paris, stayed at the Hotel Raphael. The Raphael was VIP headquarters. Generals lived there, as did visiting Congressmen and President Roosevelt's personal representatives. It was the best of the hotels I managed and, through reverse lend-lease, I supplied it with the finest facilities available. One day when Stephen Early, Roosevelt's press secretary, arrived, he stopped me in the lobby and asked: "Is this the Hotel Snyder?"

I didn't realize he was kidding, so I said: "You mean the Hotel Raphael, sir."

"Well," he said, "everywhere I go in the world people tell me that if I want the best service in Paris I should stay at Snyder's hotel. Have you bought the place?"

"I wish I could," I told him.

If the service was good, it was because the rules were strict. Only General Eisenhower received meals in his room, and often the reason for this was merely that he wanted to keep his presence in Paris a secret. Military and civilian personnel ate in the dining room by special pass, and no guests were permitted unless passes had been previously arranged. The system worked well. Everybody cooperated until one evening a delegation of Congressmen arrived. On the next day, one of these distinguished gentlemen came to lunch with a guest (civilian, female) in his wake although he knew quite well that this was not allowed. The French cashier, who was equally conversant with regulations, refused to allow the Congressman and his friend to

enter. In her meager English, she tried to explain the rules.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "I'm an American Congressman and I can bring anyone I want."

His officiousness frightened the French girl, but she held her ground, afraid that if she permitted the violation she might lose her job. Again and again, she tried to make the Congressman understand. American officers passing by witnessed the scene, but because a Congressman was involved kept out of it all. Finally, the Congressman threw a handful of money on to the cashier's counter (as though his solvency had in some way been challenged!) brushed past the French girl and stalked into the dining room, elbowing his guest before him and stridently demanding a meal. His performance was awesome enough to produce immediate results.

The cashier was still in tears when I arrived about an hour later. She was more worried about her job than the possible consequences of having insulted a Congressman. I assured her that her job was safe and I promised that something would be done about the Congressman.

Hours later, when guests began to arrive for dinner, I decided to approach the Congressman and tell him I would report him to General Eisenhower unless he apologized to the cashier. Talking that way would require the utmost diplomacy, I knew, and I paused a moment to imagine how the General would handle the situation before I went ahead with it. Then I went up to the Congressman and introduced myself.

"I think, sir," I said, "that you owe the cashier an apology. She was only trying to do her job. You're a Congressman, and to this girl you represent the authority and dignity of our government whose regulations she was trying to obey. She's going to have an unfavorable impression of

all of us, and every time she tells the story other people are going to be given the same impression and we'll lose some more friends. After all, it was just a misunderstanding. I feel it would help a lot if you apologized."

He looked at me a moment, then said: "You're right, Sergeant. I do owe the girl an apology." I watched him go to the cashier, talk briefly, and when he went on his way everybody was smiling. When I thought it over, I wondered where in blazes I got the nerve to ask the Congressman for an apology. I glanced back over my association with General Eisenhower and suddenly realized the vital lesson in human relations I was learning from him—that it was conduct and not position that made a man an important person, that the major threat to the equality of people wasn't money or power but the panicked egos of little men who suddenly found themselves in high places. I observed years later that this disease seemed especially endemic to politicians and fortunately it was often fatal to their careers.

To General Eisenhower, rules were rules. He never tried to make an exception of himself. Some months later, while he was living in Rheims, I went to visit him for a few days and he asked me to accompany him on an inspection of the Third Army fighting zone. General Patton was in command. The slapping incident had been forgotten and Patton was doing a wonderful job. At one point during the inspection, we had left the car to walk across a field and an MP stopped me.

"You'll have to wear a helmet in this area," he said. "It's General Patton's orders. You might get a fifty-dollar fine if you're caught without one."

I said, "Okay," but I thought I'd better tell General Eisenhower that I was going back to the car for my helmet rather than just wander off. When I told him, he said: "If

you have to wear a helmet, so do I. Besides, I can't afford a fifty-dollar fine, either. Bring mine along from the car, too, will you?"

Ordinarily, General Eisenhower never wore combat clothes, even when he was at the front. His reasons were typical of him. He was a desk general, a strategist, and he didn't want people at the front to think he was trying to give the impression of being a combat commander. Also, he rarely wore any of his medals. Even at formal functions, when lesser generals would arrive with their chests loaded with decorations, Eisenhower appeared with, if anything, a single bar of four or five campaign ribbons. Perhaps this was out of his natural humility; I know he felt there were others who were far more deserving of the medals than himself.

On December 16, 1944, General Eisenhower again displayed, as far as I was concerned, his warm interest in the men who worked for him. On that day, his orderly, Mickey McKeogh, married Pearlie Hargrave, a WAC corporal who was one of the General's staff chauffeurs. Eisenhower gave the bride away and then held a huge reception at his house. Despite orders to the contrary, I went out on a full scale scrounging tour to get the finest food and decorations from the civilians. Captain Butcher let the newlyweds use his apartment in Paris during their honeymoon and, after the war, gave Mickey a job in his California radio station. The determination, in the midst of a war, to contribute to the happiness of Mickey and Pearlie gave me another glimpse of Eisenhower's human side and helped me to understand clearly the intense loyalty he was able to inspire in everyone around him.

Visiting politicians were aware of that loyalty. Seventeen Congressmen observed it when they came to Rheims and tried to sound out Eisenhower on any political aspirations

he might have. He refused to discuss the subject. Later, the subject came up again during a visit by Senator Capehart of Indiana, Senator Wheeler of Montana, Senator Hawks of New Jersey, and Senator McFarland of Arizona, but again the General firmly rejected the topic. Senator Capehart said: "I'm glad he's not from Indiana, especially if he changes his mind and goes into politics against me."

There seemed no chance of that. My personal desire to see him in politics was strong at the time and I mentioned it occasionally, but the General always acted as if he thought I was joking and laughed it off. I was convinced that when he said he wanted no part of politics he meant it. This was a great disappointment to me, but it didn't discourage me from the plans which were beginning to form in my mind.

By April, it was apparent that the end of the European War was near. The Allies were deep into German territory, the Germans had lost all their effectiveness in the air and on the sea; it was all a matter of time. Each passing day tightened the tension at the Hotel Scribe, and I could tell from the looks on their faces that many correspondents were already writing the big story in their minds. Reporters returning from forward positions were laying bets on V-E Day, placing it in early May. Only high officers close to Eisenhower knew that surrender feelers were being extended by the Germans, but somehow Ed Kennedy, an Associated Press writer, got wind of it. He hurried to Paris from Rheims and, without explanation, rushed off to London, and it was from there, on May 4, that he broke the victory story. His fellow reporters were furious with him, and headquarters was so enraged that Kennedy found himself on a slow boat to New York.

Three days later, it was all over.

To Europeans, the man who had brought the victory to

fulfillment was General Dwight D. Eisenhower. He was the hero of the entire continent. For days, the grounds around his Rheims house were jammed with people who wanted to shout their appreciation whenever he appeared. Victory celebrations were held in every town he visited. On June 15, Paris was ready to do its part, with an official dinner at city hall. I went over to see how the arrangements were going and noticed that there seemed to be a meat shortage. On my own, I went to headquarters and arranged to have more steaks released to the French on reverse lend-lease. Later Captain Butcher told me that he had been impressed by the excellent steaks and asked General De Gaulle how the civilian chefs had managed to acquire them.

"I don't know," DeGaulle had replied, "but I think they're off the black market."

"He was wrong," I told the Captain. "They were entirely legal."

Harry Hopkins was in Paris at the time, staying at the Raphael with his wife. One morning he told me that President Truman had recalled him to the States immediately and that he would fly back the next morning in a plane belonging to Averill Harriman, then ambassador to Russia. "There's room for you, Marty," he said, "if you're ready to go home."

I telephoned Captain Butcher in Rheims and told him about the invitation. He said he would talk to General Eisenhower about it and let me know as soon as he could. There were plans, he said, for some SHAEF headquarters personnel to return home in a group later to accompany General Eisenhower on a victory tour of the country. I was to be in that group. My going with Harry Hopkins would require special orders. Butcher promised to do what he could.

The sudden desire to get home as fast as possible made

me feel like a traitor, but the European war was over, Eisenhower would be going home himself shortly and we'd be separated anyway. I was restless all day, and it was evening before Butcher called back. "It's okay with the General," he said. "His personal orders for you are being cut now. They should be in Paris first thing in the morning, in plenty of time."

We said good-bye, promising to look each other up in the States someday, and I asked him to tell General Eisenhower that I'd always be at his service whenever he needed me. "Tell him I hope to see him in the White House someday," I said.

"That'll never happen, Marty," Butcher said. "You know that."

"You never can tell," I said.

The next morning, my orders to hand, I hurried to the Harriman plane. I wasn't able to take along all the things I had acquired in more than two years overseas, so I packed souvenirs like Churchill's cigar and the Queen Mother's cigarette holder in separate barracks bags and arranged to have them shipped later. Whether or not they ever left Paris, I don't know, but I never saw them again.

At the airport, I met Charles E. Bohlen, then a State Department official and now ambassador to Russia. He was flying with Harry Hopkins and me; Mrs. Hopkins, a former nurse, remained in Paris to inspect hospitals. Throughout the trip, the three of us sat together and talked about what the world would be like after the war. They disagreed with me that we might have trouble with Russia, and they said my reasons for these feelings—my reactions to arrogant Russian generals at headquarters—weren't enough to prove anything. Maybe they weren't, but they sure proved to be accurate premonitions. We talked, too, about Eisenhower's possible future in politics. I revealed

my private hopes that the General might one day be President and Hopkins conceded that this wasn't completely improbable. Both he and Bohlen praised Eisenhower highly and said they hoped that when the war was over the country would find some way to continue using Eisenhower's many talents.

"I know the best way," I said, "but he keeps telling me he doesn't want the job."

On landing at Washington, I was sent to Fort Meade, Md., for processing. I was given thirty days leave, then ordered to report to Fort Dix, N.J., for my discharge.

The next time I saw General Eisenhower, I was in civilian clothes, standing on a curb in downtown New York, cheering him as he rode by in a limousine. He and SHAEF personnel had come home to accept the acclaim of the nation. A storm of ticker tape fell on Eisenhower and the skyscrapers practically trembled with the cheers of the crowds.

The war hero was home.

But ahead of him was another war—the war of politics. It was a war he sincerely tried for six years to avoid because he did not like the traditional weapons of dishonesty, deception, smear, exaggeration, deals, bribery, fraud and character assassination. But there were a lot of little people like me who believed that if General Eisenhower got into the political war he would not only win it but could clean it up. So we formed our own army to force him into it. For several years, it was an army of one—me.

CHAPTER SIX

Philadelphia Battleground

I LEARNED ABOUT POLITICS THE HARD WAY. I THINK now this is the best way to do anything. If I'd known anybody who had enough experience to warn me of what I was in for when I started campaigning to put General Eisenhower in the White House, I don't think I would have tried. Actually, I doubt if many people thought I would try. For months, my friends had patiently listened to me rave about Dwight D. Eisenhower, and I knew all along that they thought I was just another guy who had found himself a hero. I don't deny that part of it, but I have never been the kind of man who can sit around and just talk—even about heroes. I had been orphaned when I was seven, and though I was lucky in living in some fine foster homes, even at that early age you realize that you are pretty much alone in the world and you learn quick that the only way to get what you want is to go out and work for it.

Raised in that belief, I felt the same way when I decided that having an Eisenhower in the White House would be the best thing that could happen to this country. I had never learned to ask for favors, so when I made up my mind to go to work for Eisenhower I didn't look for help but went right ahead and pitched in. The General was then at Columbia University. Often on Sundays my wife and I drove up to Morningside Heights and had tea with him and Mrs. Eisenhower. Usually there were others present; the conversation always varied, touching on scores of

subjects, and many times I went back to my car with my head spinning with the important ideas I had heard expressed by the professors and the influential business leaders who had also dropped in to see the Eisenhowers. At first, aware of the company I was in, I was content to sit back and listen, but General Eisenhower had a way of keeping the conversation moving around the room, and before long I found myself spouting off on topics that were far beyond my scope. Later, I'd wonder if I had made a fool of myself, and to prevent anything like that from happening I started to prepare for my Morningside Heights visits. I began to read a lot, something I hadn't done before in my life. I discovered that newspapers had editorial pages, and though I didn't always agree with what I read I was at least getting the benefit of new ideas.

General Eisenhower's interest in everybody's ideas was not anything new to me. Many times during our Army years together I watched him probe the minds of his staff, eager to get their thinking on decisions he was about to make. Conferences for him were not occasions to give orders to people, but to ask questions. Even at meals, when I was rarely more than a few feet from him, his restless, inquisitive mind kept throwing out questions to everyone at the table with him. He once said: "I don't care whether or not my staff agrees with me, but if they have no reasons for what they feel then they haven't been thinking and they're of no value at all."

I saw how far he carried that attitude when I went to him one day with a personal problem. A sergeant I knew in England had written a letter to *Stars & Stripes* in which he griped about the preferential treatment he felt officers were getting. His commanding officer, who was also the company censor, read the letter. The next day, my friend was demoted to private. I told the story to General Eisen-

hower when he came into the kitchen for coffee one afternoon. He listened soberly, attentively, nodding his head understandingly as I revealed the facts.

When I finished, he put down his cup. "That sort of thing shouldn't be going on," he said. "Griping is an enlisted man's prerogative."

"It wasn't a serious gripe," I said.

"It was to the sergeant," he said. "I'll do what I can."

Within a week I received a letter from my friend: he had his stripes back. A few days later, orders came from Supreme Headquarters—from Eisenhower himself—instructing company commanders that enlisted men's mail addressed to *Stars & Stripes* was to be mailed without censorship. To me, this proved two points: General Eisenhower was enough interested in little guys, even a busted sergeant, to go out of his way for them, and he put enough trust in the men on *Stars & Stripes* to presume that they knew their jobs and wouldn't print anything that might threaten morale or security. Time and again since then, I have seen him put the same trust in men who were working for him, and I'm sure this is why they want to work all the harder.

In June of 1948 I realized it was time for me to do some hard work. Both political party conventions were scheduled in Philadelphia. It occurred to me that if ever I was going to do anything to help General Eisenhower become President now was the time. Friends suddenly lined up against me. Some of them criticized me for spending so much money on a farfetched idea, others said I was foolish to leave my restaurant business at a time New York was crowded with tourists, but the one question everybody had was: "Just what in the world do you think you'll accomplish?"

I didn't know. Even my personal enthusiasm for the

General was not enough to delude me into believing I could get him nominated by either party all by myself. But I hoped, if nothing else, to spread his name through enough political circles to start a few people thinking along the right lines. When I told people that, they said it wasn't my job. Politics, they said, were run from the top, not the bottom, and that if either party wanted Eisenhower as a candidate its leaders would have done something about it long before. This sounded logical, and for a few minutes it depressed me, but then I remembered the one thing I had learned about politics: you don't go high without strings attached to you, political strings which people who put you high feel they have the right to pull. General Eisenhower had no strings on him; he was as much a political outlander as I was, and being a military man who often depended on both parties to push pro-military legislation through Congress he had kept his hands clean of political involvements in order to prevent alienating anybody. Even with my limited experience, I felt at the time that perhaps the reason neither party had approached Eisenhower was simply because there was no room at the top for a man who was politically free. Whether or not this was true was something I had to find out for myself.

And so, on a Friday morning in June, 1948, as I kissed my wife Marge good-bye at our apartment door, I saw an expression on her face which said: "You're crazy, Marty, that's the only trouble with you, but go ahead, and good luck."

Parked in a garage around the corner was my jeep, already loaded with a loud-speaker, 100,000 Eisenhower buttons and leaflets, and a huge sign bearing the words: EISENHOWER FOR PRESIDENT, and, to play safe, both the Republican eagle and Democratic star.

I took off for Philadelphia.

I wasted my time. The Republican Party was not in the least interested in Dwight D. Eisenhower. In fact, I wondered for a few days if Republicans had even heard of him. It was impossible to get near any of the powers behind the convention. Governor Thomas E. Dewey refused to see me, his campaign manager Herbert Brownell Jr. headed in the other direction whenever he saw me approach, and I couldn't even get close enough to Senator Taft's supporters to wave at them. I haunted the corridors of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel with the hope of poking my head into smoke-filled rooms and shouting "Eisenhower!" —but all the doors were locked to me. And probably for the first time in their history, even the women's groups had nothing to say. The easiest available group was the one endorsing General Douglas A. MacArthur, which had a booth in the hotel lobby, but there was never anybody at the booth, so I had nobody official to talk to.

There was nothing to do but sit in my jeep and talk about General Eisenhower to delegates drifting in and out of the hotel. Some of them took Eisenhower buttons from me, and others accepted my leaflets as surreptitiously as if I were plotting to overthrow the government and they were secretly for me. I soon got the impression that the Republicans were holding a reunion rather than a convention: there was no excitement, no fights, no odds on the possible winner. The Taft faction occasionally created a slight activity by scurrying through Convention Hall with pockets full of promises, but when the real powers decided this had gone on long enough, Dewey's men came in the back doors, swept through the hall like bulldozers, and the nomination went to Dewey for the second time.

Only my earlier determination to attend both conventions sent me back to Philadelphia three weeks later. If, I thought, the Democrats also conducted a closed-shop con-

vention, then Eisenhower was going to be up at Columbia for a long time. There was, however, a glimmer of hope. Before the convention, rumors seeped out of Washington to the effect that President Truman would be willing to step aside if General Eisenhower would accept the nomination. Democrats like Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City and James Roosevelt of California were all reported to be pro-Eisenhower. I felt that if I could get to these men and convince them of Eisenhower's popularity among the hundreds of people with whom I had discussed him over the years they might be encouraged to use their influence in his favor.

On the Saturday morning before the Democratic Convention, I parked my jeep in its usual spot across from the Bellevue-Stratford. Radio and press headquarters were on the second floor of the hotel, and as I stepped from the jeep several reporters came to the windows and hollered hello to me. It was a little like Old Home Week. The wire services had carried a few stories about me the previous week; I was "human interest"—the little lone wolf against the Big Politicians.

I didn't look upon myself as a wolf of any kind. It hadn't occurred to me that I was in for a fight. Sure, I was alone, but I had gone to Philadelphia primarily with the hope of planting a few seeds. The Republicans wouldn't let me get near the fertile soil. The Republicans hadn't listened to me, but the Democrats certainly did, and they went far beyond that.

As I was setting up for business, that Saturday morning before the Democratic Convention, I glanced down the street and saw in a shop window a large sign that said: "Headquarters—Eisenhower For President." I couldn't believe it. I went to the store and found it fairly crowded with campaign workers and newspaper reporters. The head man

told me that the Eisenhower headquarters had been the idea of a Philadelphia clothing manufacturer who, a few days before, had announced his support of the General.

"That's wonderful," I said, and I told them who I was and why I was in town. As I talked, I noticed a certain gloom in the store, and I asked about it.

"Haven't you heard the news?" the head man said. "General Eisenhower issued a statement in New York this morning that he didn't want the nomination and wouldn't accept it if it were offered to him."

"So?"

"So we're closing down," he said. "Might as well. We haven't got a candidate."

"Don't pay any attention to that," I said. "Eisenhower's been telling me for years that he doesn't want any part of politics, but it hasn't stopped me. I can tell you this much: if enough people tell him they want him to be a candidate, he'll make a stab at it. He has a great sense of duty, and he'll do whatever the country asks of him."

"But he just said he doesn't want the job," the man insisted.

"He didn't tell me," I said. "I'm going to work."

On my way back to the jeep, I decided to take a look in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for anybody I could sound out on the Democratic attitude towards Eisenhower. In the lobby I saw several women chatting in a group, all of them wearing lapel ribbons which identified them as members of the Women's Activities Committee. I introduced myself to them and started explaining why I was in Philadelphia.

One woman asked: "How can you expect us to work for the nomination of a man who already said he wouldn't accept it?"

"You can draft him," I said.

"I don't think there's much chance of that," she said,

then she added: "And here's a bit of information for your own good. I heard talk this morning that you're not going to be very popular in Philadelphia this week."

"I wasn't very popular in town a couple of weeks ago," I reminded her. "In fact, I was ignored."

"You won't be ignored this time," she said. "As a matter of fact, they're going to try to stop you from using your loud-speaker."

"Who is?"

We had stepped away from the group. The committeewoman glanced at them, almost apprehensively, as if she wondered whether she was revealing too much. I saw her bite her lip, then she turned back to me. "Listen, Mr. Snyder," she said, "I don't like to see anybody get pushed around, and I think it's about to happen to you. Your name came up at a meeting this morning; some of the convention leaders don't like what you're trying to do. McGrath, the Democratic National Chairman, gave orders to get you out of town."

"They'll never do that," I said.

"Well," she said, "you've been warned."

"What's McGrath afraid of?"

She grinned, knowingly. "Want me to draw diagrams?"

"Then you think I've got a chance?"

"Not much of one," she said, "but you could cause a lot of trouble. Eisenhower is a popular man. The convention isn't as solidly behind President Truman as some party leaders would like, and if anything goes wrong in the next few days it wouldn't take much to swing a lot of delegates in Eisenhower's direction."

"That's exactly why I'm here," I said.

"Everybody knows that. Just remember that I warned you."

I thanked her and headed back to the jeep, feeling better

than I had in weeks. Just outside the hotel door I saw Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, a Democratic boss who had already announced his support of Eisenhower. I stopped him, and as we shook hands he glanced across the street at my jeep.

"Going to try your luck anyway?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"It's a shame," he said. "I got a telegram from the General this morning, asking me not to introduce his name to the convention."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, of course," he said. "The telegram was very specific; I certainly can't do anything now."

This attitude annoyed me. "I don't see where everybody gets that impression," I said. "Candidates have been drafted before, you know."

Mayor Hague said: "This is no time for a reluctant candidate, Marty. The man who wants to be nominated next week will have to fight for it."

"I'll bet a lot of delegates are ready to fight for Eisenhower," I said.

"Conventions don't work that way," he said. "This is a highly organized procedure, and you can't get anywhere without a good machine behind you."

I pointed to the jeep. "That's the only machine I've got, Mayor, and it'll have to do this time, I guess."

"Good luck with it," he said, "and better luck next time."

Unlike the Republicans, the Democratic delegates flocked around the jeep. Many of them willingly took the microphone and talked in favor of Eisenhower. I knew that party leaders in the hotel could hear every word and I hoped they would learn something from the speeches. One of the delegates said:

"I'm from Massachusetts. In the primaries this year I campaigned as a convention delegate for Eisenhower and I got double the votes of the two delegates in our district who campaigned for Truman. Yesterday I spoke for Eisenhower on your mike. A few hours later the state delegation held a caucus at which they voted to remove me as a delegate. I've come to Philadelphia because I wanted to be the first person in Convention Hall to start cheering when General Eisenhower is nominated."

The crowd around the jeep sent up a roar of approval, but I was too surprised to say much. A political greenhorn, I had no idea that the state delegation of any party would so boldly ignore the votes of the people. To me, this was worse than stuffing a ballot box: a pro-Eisenhower delegate had been elected, and yet the party bosses practically said: "We'll just forget your votes; you may like Ike, but we don't." I had never considered myself naive, but such outright callousness made me stop and ask myself: "Is this the kind of mess I'm trying to get General Eisenhower into? No wonder he doesn't want the job."

I knew that James Roosevelt was arriving from California that afternoon. Shortly before his train time, I drove to the railroad station. Roosevelt, like Mayor Hague and Senator Pepper, had previously declared himself for Eisenhower; I hoped to get near enough to Roosevelt to ask him some questions, but when I saw the huge crowd awaiting him I knew the best I could do was shout at him over my loud-speaker. I looked around at the crowd and noticed that many people seemed familiar. I wondered where I had seen them before, and then it occurred to me that they were the same people who had been working in the short-lived Eisenhower headquarters that morning. Here they were now, a few hours later, shouting and waving banners for James Roosevelt. Their fast switch of allegiance puz-

zled me; certainly they hadn't wasted much time mourning the loss of their original candidate.

When Roosevelt arrived, he was stopped by a pack of newspaper and radio reporters. Over a public address system he thanked the crowd for coming to greet him. Then he said he regretted that Eisenhower had refused to accept the nomination and he added emphatically that he himself was not a candidate. There was a wide moan from the crowd. I glanced at the people who were carrying the banners, the people who, a few hours before, had been thumping for Eisenhower. They looked whipped. I picked up my mike and I said: "You guys just can't seem to hold on to a candidate, can you?" When I got back to my parking space opposite the hotel, I saw members of this same crowd taking down "Roosevelt For President" signs from the store window. I wondered whose name would be in the window next.

For the rest of the day I remained at the jeep, talking to crowds about Eisenhower. Occasionally when I recognized an important delegate in front of the hotel, I crossed the street to talk to him. In the early evening, I saw George Allen, the economist who had been an advisor to Truman and Roosevelt. I had met him during the war, when he visited Allied headquarters in Paris. On one visit, shortly after Roosevelt's death, I heard him tell General Eisenhower: "You could be the next President, if you want." But Eisenhower didn't want.

I grabbed a fistful of Ike buttons and leaflets and hurried to the hotel entrance. "How about it, Mr. Allen?" I asked. "Want to wear an Eisenhower button?"

He laughed, but almost sadly. "Give me all you've got," he said, "just in case." He put the buttons and leaflets in his pocket. "You're trying to do a difficult thing," he said.

"You know the Boss," I said. "You know he's the only

man for this job. Where's the difficulty, once people learn more about him?"

"The principal difficulty is his own statement today," Allen said. "That shut the doors."

"He could be drafted," I said. "He wouldn't refuse that."

"He won't be drafted," Allen said flatly. "The politicians don't want him, Marty. He isn't one of them. And if you think that a handful of delegates can push him through on their own, then you don't know politics."

I didn't pretend to know politics. But I knew General Eisenhower, and I felt that if enough other people knew him as well they'd feel the same way I did. I spent the rest of the day at the jeep.

At ten o'clock the next morning, in the middle of one of my speeches for Eisenhower, two policemen came up to the jeep. I remembered the warning I had been given the previous day that McGrath swore to get me out of Philadelphia and I told myself: "Well, here we go."

One of the policemen asked: "Do you have a permit?"

"I have," I said.

"Let's see it," he said. I gave him the permit and he read it. "Something's wrong," he said. "You don't qualify for this kind of permit."

"Well, I have it," I said.

"We'll look into that," he said, and walked off with his partner.

For the rest of the day, I watched for their return, but they didn't show up. I was sure, however, that I hadn't heard the last of them.

That afternoon, I got my last chance to talk to anybody important about Eisenhower. I saw Senator Claude Pepper getting out of a cab and I went to him. I reminded him that he had declared himself for the General and I offered my help in whatever he wanted to do.

"I'm not going to do anything," he said. "After Eisenhower said he didn't want the nomination, I decided to try for it myself. I'm a candidate now."

Dejected, I went back to the jeep. Instinctively, I glanced down the street at the former Eisenhower and Roosevelt campaign headquarters and, sure enough, there were PEPPER FOR PRESIDENT signs in the window. I wanted to laugh, but I couldn't. In forty-eight hours, those people had had three candidates, but they really didn't care about any of them. All they wanted was to ride with the winner. This, I discovered, was the secret in politics. Get on the bandwagon early and you can expect to have your pockets loaded if your man wins; he owes it to you. That logic sickened me. It was certainly the wrong way to choose a man for the most important job in the world. There was nothing I wanted from General Eisenhower except good government, and if he became President he would owe that not only to me but everybody in the country. That, I felt, was the only debt a politician should have, and he couldn't be expected to do a good job if he had personal I.O.U.s to everybody who helped him get elected.

On Monday morning, as I parked the jeep across from the Bellevue-Stratford, I saw workmen installing loud-speakers on the second floor of the hotel. "Competition," I told myself. It was more than that; it was war. As soon as I began to talk, the loud-speakers blared out parade music. I turned up my own speaker, and immediately the band music grew louder. In a few minutes, the music and I were going full blast. The noise attracted a big crowd, which was all right with me.

Suddenly out of the crowd stepped a police sergeant. "Turn that thing off and get out of here," he shouted at me.

"Why don't you shut those guys up?" I asked, pointing at the hotel.

"I don't care about them," he said. "I'm telling you to move on."

"I've got a permit," I told him.

"You heard me," he said. "Get going."

The crowd began to boo him and tell him to leave me alone. I could sense their growing anger and I didn't want any trouble. "Sergeant," I said, "from the looks of things you're the one who'd better get going. Unless you want to get hurt."

He surveyed the crowd quickly, then said: "I'm coming back after you." Then he left.

With the convention in full swing, downtown Philadelphia streets looked like a Christmas rush. Though the Democrats were in office, they were less organized than the Republicans; worried delegates hurried between hotels, clinching last minute deals, faction leaders argued on corners, and the added thorn of the Dixiecrat revolution kept everyone in turmoil. Nobody was too sure what he wanted to do, and I took advantage of the uncertainty. At times, thousands crowded around my jeep. All of them had one big question: since General Eisenhower had said no, why was I still campaigning for him.

"He hasn't told me no," I said. "He knows I'm here, and if he wants me to stop, he just has to say so."

Then, people asked, did I take Eisenhower's silence to mean that he might still be interested in the nomination after all?

I told them: "Not if it's handed to him by politicians. He doesn't want any part of politicians. But if you, the people, the delegates, demand him, he won't refuse."

That afternoon, I saw radio reporters put their microphones out windows of the Bellevue-Stratford, and word

was sent down to me that my spiels were going to be sent out over the networks. I didn't know, of course, whether or not General Eisenhower would be listening, but I directed my words to him, assuring him I would stop campaigning if he asked me to, but pledging to work on if all he wanted was a favorable indication from the people.

Even if he missed the broadcast, I was sure he'd read about it in the papers. Much of what he'd read wouldn't be too pleasant. Columnists who had ignored me during the Republican Convention suddenly turned on me. Maybe my loud-speaker disturbed their sleep, but I felt their reasons for taking pot-shots at me went deeper. I knew, from reading their columns, that many of the columnists had been for Taft, and some of them were still mad that he had not won the Republican nomination. Others, I'm sure, didn't want me lousing up the Democratic Convention. Whatever their reasons, they let off steam on me.

Jimmy Cannon, of the New York *Post*, referred to me as "the fat, sweaty mess sergeant bellowing in Philadelphia who ought to go home and mind his own business." Bob Considine, the Hearst writer, tabbed me as a typical Eisenhower addict and said, "If I ever come face to face with Ike I'll take a poke at him." And E. V. Durling, another Hearst man, wrote: "I'll never send any of my kids to Columbia."

A few years later, most columnists were singing entirely different tunes. Considine even wrote a five-part article in *The American Weekly*, a Hearst publication, that was practically a mash note to Eisenhower. He indicated in the story that he had interviewed Eisenhower, but I didn't see anything in the papers about any blood on the floor of the White House. Eventually, Considine also wrote a favorable column about me, but that was when few of us had any doubt about the winner of the 1952 campaign. For a

long time I was bewildered by the easy changes of heart which people underwent, depending on which direction the wind was blowing, but then I gave up trying to understand when I remembered what *mehitabel* often said to *archy*: "Life is too damn funny for me to explain."

But there was nothing funny about the efforts by Democrats to shut me up in Philadelphia. After the police sergeant wandered away from the angry crowd, that first official day of the convention, I kept waiting for him to return. He didn't, but other police were back in the early evening. They told me that my permit had been revoked. It was beginning to rain and I knew the streets would soon be empty, so I decided not to fight him. However, I learned where the mayor of Philadelphia lived and I drove out to his home to find out about my permit. He wasn't in. I left my card and the message that I was going to check the police commissioner the first thing in the morning.

The commissioner was surprisingly congenial. He said he had no knowledge of my permit being revoked and he didn't see why I could not go on with my work. I went back to the Bellevue-Stratford and I had been working just a short time when three police captains and six officers came up.

"Okay, Snyder," one of the captains said, "let's get down to headquarters."

"What for, Captain?" I asked.

"You're obstructing traffic," he told me.

Rather than risk charges of resisting arrest, I let the police lead my jeep to headquarters where, for two hours, I was questioned by three captains and two lieutenants. The interrogation was the closest thing to a third degree I ever faced. I felt as if I had committed a gangland murder. They were as rough on me as they could be without resorting to

actual brutality, and they kept insisting that I'd better get out of town before I landed in jail.

I demanded to see the police commissioner, but they said the commissioner had nothing to do with this. Then I demanded to see the chief inspector of the traffic division. They refused, until I was shouting at them as loudly as they were shouting at me. Finally, they gave in.

The inspector, like the commissioner, was a far different type of man. He told me: "As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Snyder, you're not doing anything illegal. You're an American, and you have the right to say what's on your mind, and you have a permit to say it on the streets of Philadelphia."

"Then what's all the trouble about?" I asked.

"You know perfectly well," he said. "The big Democrats don't want you to get people too excited about General Eisenhower. Remember what happened when the people got excited about Wendell Willkie and he walked off with the Republican nomination."

"But that's just what I'm trying to do," I said.

"Do what you want," the inspector said, "but to ease matters I suggest you don't park too long in one place. Cruise around. Stay in a spot a half hour, then move. That way, you won't get yourself into any more trouble."

I followed the inspector's advice for the rest of Tuesday. On Wednesday, I decided to try my luck near Convention Hall, but the police wouldn't let me anywhere near. I had a convention pass, given to me by one of the delegates, but when I tried to enter the hall I was stopped by guards and ordered out of the neighborhood. I returned downtown and resumed hopping corners to make my talks. On Thursday, the Democratic nomination went to President Truman. That was that; I went home.

My partners with whom I owned Headquarters Restaurant in New York were very unhappy. At one time they felt my acquaintance with important personalities I had met during the war would be business assets, but now they maintained that my loud and fruitless campaign for General Eisenhower had made fools out of us all. They felt, too, that the adverse comments in the various columns would discourage customers. They served me with legal papers, removing me as president of the restaurant corporation. Legally, they had no right to do this, and I knew I could easily win any law suit against them, but by the end of the year I was so fed up with wavering loyalties that I surrendered my stock in the firm and got out.

A few days after returning from Philadelphia, I telephoned Columbia University for an appointment with General Eisenhower. I was prepared for a good chewing out. When I entered his office, he looked at me without a word. I took a chair and we sat there several moments, staring at each other. I waited for him to take off—and I knew he could do it very well.

He leaned back. "So you went to Philadelphia, huh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said, "and I'm not sorry. I did it because I felt—and I still feel—that you're the only man who can put this country on its feet and keep it out of war."

"I appreciate what you feel, Marty," he said, "but did you get your belly full of politics and politicians?"

"I sure did, sir," I said, "but I didn't expect much more. After all, I had a hefty dose of politicians when we were overseas."

He said: "Well, now you can understand why I don't want to get involved in politics."

"I know a lot of people who wish you would," I said. Then I told him of the many delegates who had spoken

so highly of him, of the huge crowds that gathered whenever I made speeches, and of the fears of Democratic leaders that, had his name been introduced, he would have swept the convention to his side. "Watch the next time," I said. "It'll be far different."

His brows raised. "You plan to go through all this again?"

"I certainly do," I said.

He laughed. "Marty, you're a masochist."

"No, sir," I said. "I just know what I want."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Victory in the Garden

THE LONELIEST DAY IN MY LIFE WAS THE JULY FRIDAY in 1948 when I drove back to New York from the Democratic Convention in Philadelphia. In the two weeks I had campaigned for Eisenhower at both political conventions, my voice must have been heard by millions of people in Philly alone, not counting the millions more who heard it on the radio whenever one of the networks beamed a microphone at me as I bellowed in the streets. With such an opportunity to reach so great an audience, I should have aroused enough interest in the General to pressure at least one delegate to either convention to get up and holler Eisenhower's name in the midst of some heated session. But I didn't. If anything, I had been looked upon as a convention side show, and this was not a happy fact to accept. I had put my whole heart into the job; I had stepped far out of line in a dozen ways. Politically I was certainly in over my head. Financially I had invested much more than I could afford. Professionally I had alienated my restaurant partners. I realized, too, that I couldn't have endeared myself much to Eisenhower in trying to get him into politics—something he had told me he definitely didn't want. And I also knew that when I got home my wife would look at me with that cool, evaluating frown of hers which seemed to ask: "What kind of a goofball did I marry?" Marge and I had been married the year before, both of us at an age when the moon and stars didn't mean

as much to our love as intelligence, wit, and good companionship. Marge was a successful dress designer, and she had earned her medals on the Seventh Avenue battlefields where nobody took any nonsense from anybody. She was bright and sharp and shrewd. From the day we'd met, she had listened to me rant about General Eisenhower, and her patience indicated that she was thinking: "Well, some wives are golf widows, others are trout widows; it looks like I'm going to be an Eisenhower widow." But I don't think she expected me to take it as far as I did. After the General became president of Columbia University, I took Marge to meet him and Mrs. Eisenhower. She loved them immediately and they liked her. I got a big kick on many Sunday afternoons out of watching my wife and the General's wife sitting together and talking about hats. The better Marge knew the Eisenhowers, the more patient she was with my enthusiasm for them. A few casual friends who didn't know me well got clever and tried to explain that my devotion to the General was actually a father complex, growing out of the fact that I had been orphaned at seven and didn't have a father of my own during my important teen-years. Maybe. I certainly couldn't have picked a better man to become complex about. But anyone who knew Eisenhower, as Marge came to know him, quickly discovered the traits which made him so outstanding: his brilliance, his sincerity, his warmth, his knowledge, his ideals, his concern for the country and the world, his tense determination to do his best at every task. You don't have to be an orphan to recognize those characteristics and admire them.

I never felt more like an orphan, however, than during the weeks after the 1948 conventions. Marge heard my story through once, then said nothing more about it. Eisenhower, hopeful that I'd got my bellyfull, let me know

plainly that he wanted no part of politics. And I was out of a job. I hated backing out of the restaurant business; it was what I had wanted for myself, but my partners were upset about the Philadelphia fiasco and the friction among us was too great to surmount. It could have been a good thing. We catered to veterans, playing up the SHAEF headquarters motif in the decor. We had a guest book which veterans signed: a lot of war buddies located each other through that book. That was important to me. I knew many fine friendships had started during the war and I thought it would be a good idea to do something to keep them alive. For that matter, one of my partners had been a war buddy of mine. And Mickey McKeogh worked for us for a while. He had mentioned during the war that he planned on opening a bar some day, and when we opened the restaurant I got him the job as our bar manager. He stayed with us until he went out to California to become an advertising executive at Harry Butcher's radio station.

Mickey was still with us when, on April 2, 1946, General Eisenhower popped in unexpectedly. He was then Army chief of staff and had come to New York for the day. Mickey and I were as happy as kids to see him. We offered him anything in the house, but all he wanted was strawberry cake and coffee. Later when he inspected the entire restaurant, I reminded him of the first time he had inspected a kitchen of mine, on Louisiana maneuvers. A lot sure had happened since that day.

Out of a job, I didn't know what to do with myself at first. Then I remembered a banquet held for General Eisenhower in a Paris hotel. The French chefs prepared a galantine of turkey, something I hadn't run into before. They stripped the meat from the bones, rolled it in truffles, tied it, cooked it, then served it cold in its own jelly. I was certain nothing like it was prepared commercially in

the States, so after investigating its possibilities, I decided it was a good idea and went into the boneless turkey business.

After General Eisenhower left the Army to become President of Columbia University, Marge and I went up to visit him about once a month and always took a turkey along. He and Mrs. Eisenhower liked turkey and discovered that my product tasted as good served hot as cold. In 1950, President Truman appointed the General head of NATO and he returned to Europe. I wrote him regularly, occasionally shipping a turkey. I began to wonder after a while if he was getting fed up with turkey, but after one shipment he wrote me that just the night before he had gone to the refrigerator and made a sandwich from the final scraps of the previous turkey. "There was not an echo of a gobble left in the refrigerator," he said, "and the latest shipment arrived just in time."

In November, 1951, national interest began to stir in the next year's Presidential election. Marge sensed my growing restlessness and kept a sharp eye on me, ready to chain me down if I got too active, but I suspect she knew that I was a hopeless case. In Washington, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge had organized an Eisenhower for President committee. Working with him were Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, Senator James Duff of Pennsylvania and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York. I wrote Senator Lodge and Governor Dewey and offered my services. They replied that, in view of my 1948 activity, they would certainly find use for me. A letter came from Robertson McIlvaine, executive assistant of the committee, with assurances that he would get in touch with me as soon as the committee was well enough organized. Weeks dragged by, but I heard nothing more from them. In New Jersey, Charles Willis, Jr., and

Stanley Rumbaugh had started organizing Eisenhower for President clubs. I went over to Jersey City and helped them, and though we progressed speedily I still felt there was something more that had to be done.

In 1948, I had been practically alone in my crusade for Eisenhower. True, a lot of little people shared my sentiments and a few important politicians were guardedly outspoken, but nothing had happened. The 1952 picture wasn't much changed. The same little people were at work, and by now I had learned enough to realize that three senators and a governor maketh not a Presidential candidate. What was needed was one loud, resounding shout that would carry across the Atlantic and assure Eisenhower in Paris that the people wanted him. He had indicated himself that nothing else would move him. In January, 1952, he issued this statement:

"Senator Lodge's announcement of yesterday (January 6) as reported in the press gives an accurate account of the general tenor of my political convictions and of my Republican voting record. He was correct also in stating that I would not seek nomination to political office.

"I have frequently and publicly expressed my refusal to do so.

"My convictions in this regard have been reinforced by the character and importance of the duty with which I was charged more than a year ago by our country and other nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. America's enlightened self-interest and the future of Western civilization alike demand success in our collective effort to produce security against the communistic threat and to preserve peace.

"Under no circumstances will I ask for relief from this assignment in order to seek nomination to political office

and I shall not participate in the pre-convention activities of others who may have such an intention with respect to me.

"Of course, there is no question of the right of American citizens to organize in pursuit of their common convictions. I realize that Senator Lodge and his associates are exercising this right in an attempt to place before next July a duty that would transcend my present responsibility. In the absence, however, of a clear-cut call to political duty I shall continue to devote my full attention and energies to the performance of the vital task to which I am assigned."

To some, that meant that once again Eisenhower had closed the door.

A few days later, I received a telephone call from Tex McCrary, the New York newspaperman and radio commentator. He asked if I had seen the statement and I said of course I had.

"You know what has to be done now, don't you?" he asked.

I said: "No, but I hope you do."

"We've got to give the General that clear-cut call to political duty."

"How?"

He said he had been talking it over with Jinx Falkenberg, his wife, with whom he did a daily radio show and newspaper column. "We think it would be a good idea to have some kind of a rally at Madison Square Garden. I'm going to talk to Senator Lodge and Governor Dewey about it. Do you want to help?"

I definitely did.

Tex and Jinx were, like myself, political amateurs. I asked them once how they had developed their tremendous enthusiasm for Eisenhower and they explained that they

had gone to Paris to interview the General for their radio show. "We were with him four hours," Jinx said, "and when we walked out we were overwhelmed by him."

"Fours hours?" I said. "I was with him four years, so you know how I feel."

The situation demanded people who felt that way about Eisenhower. Certainly, Senator Lodge and his co-workers of equal stature must have believed that the General would make a good President or they wouldn't have risked their reputations on him, but they were also politicians and as such were aware of Eisenhower's personal popularity and his vote appeal. There was, after all, the Republican Party to think about, and the Party wanted to get into office. Being politicians, the Party leaders thought they knew how to achieve this, despite the fact that there were five previous elections offering vivid proof to the contrary.

Tex's idea for a Madison Square Garden rally was not too well received by the Party brass. Governor Dewey said: "The Garden? How do you expect to fill it? I was governor of the state and I couldn't fill it. How can you attract a big crowd when your candidate isn't even in the country?"

Other big politicians felt the same way. They were afraid that a failure to fill the Garden would give the impression that Eisenhower wasn't as popular as we wanted the country to believe. This, they said, would dim chances of arousing the public at a later date. They were the big shots; they were supposed to know.

But Tex was adamant, and as far as I was concerned an Eisenhower rally could fill two Gardens. As a compromise, Tex suggested that the rally be held on a Friday night after the Garden fights. Thousands of fans attended the fights and we hoped most of them would stay for the rally. That would give us the nucleus of a crowd, and we knew

we could build from there. When the Eisenhower For President Committee realized we were determined to go ahead, they stepped aside and let us loose.

The Garden, when packed, holds 18,000 people. With ten million people living within half an hour of the Garden, attracting a good crowd didn't seem like much of a chore. But when you stand alone in the empty Garden in the middle of the afternoon, it looks bigger than Grand Canyon, and suddenly you are scared.

One thing our group kept in mind was that we weren't going to make the rally a Republican affair. We were fully aware that there weren't enough Republicans in the country to elect Eisenhower, even if he got the nomination. We were after the independent voter, the young voter who hadn't as yet committed himself to either party. Such people we knew were independent, progressive, enthusiastic, international-minded, they wanted clean government, active government, a President who realized that the future of the country would extend far beyond his administration and who had the vision to act accordingly. We knew, too, that the kind of supporters we wanted wouldn't be willing to sit around listening to a bunch of political speeches. To attract the young people we wanted and to hold their interest, we would have to give a show.

The first planning session for the rally was held in a small National Broadcasting Company studio which Tex managed to acquire. There were about twenty people present. We all had big ideas, but we realized the toughest job would be to attract the crowd. We admitted that though politicians were already hard at work on the forthcoming conventions, the people were still lethargic. Through their show-business contacts, Tex and Jinx felt they could get performers for the rally; getting an audience was another matter.

About forty people attended the second meeting. The crowd for the third meeting was so surprisingly large that we had to move from the small room to the largest NBC studio available. Things were looking better.

On January 25, Senator Lodge announced that Paul Hoffman, who had filled executive positions under the Truman and Roosevelt administrations and was then president of the Ford Foundation, had been appointed head of the Citizens for Eisenhower, a new group that would include all the clubs then popping up all over the country. Arthur Vandenberg, Jr., son of the Michigan Senator, was appointed chairman of the new organization, and a few days later he asked me to work with his committee. At the same time, I received an invitation to address the Philadelphia veterans' chapter of Americans For Eisenhower at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. When I told my wife, she threw up her hands and said, "Well, good-bye. I'll see you in November."

Speaking in Philadelphia was an unexpected bonus. The last time I had been there, the atmosphere was not so friendly. As I entered the hotel, I glanced across the street where I had parked my jeep four years before, and I felt somewhat like the hometown boy who had come back a hero. The men to whom I spoke that night were already sold on Eisenhower, so they were with me from my first word. I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd encounter such warmth in what to me had been a city of very un-brotherly love. At this rally, I met Senator James Duff for the first time, and I was surprised to see that, in the morning papers, Snyder the amateur topped Duff the professional in the headlines.

The Garden rally was three days off. I invited the Philadelphia veterans to come to New York for the event. Back in New York, I found the enthusiasm mounting. All of us

had spent our nights touring suburban towns in Connecticut, New Jersey and on Long Island, urging people to form "Ike Caravans" and pack the Garden. Local committees were established; suburbanites hired buses and trucks to transport them to the Garden. Telegrams arrived announcing that a special train of Eisenhower supporters was coming from Texas, his home state, and other delegations were en route from Oklahoma, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia and Pennsylvania. Suddenly we had a packed house on our hands, and we wondered how we were going to get the fight fans out of the Garden to make room for the Eisenhower rooters.

The rally was scheduled for Friday, February 8, at eleven o'clock. It began to rain at noon. The downpour continued all day. I was heartsick. I knew that people who had traveled long distances would attend the rally, whatever the weather, but we had to rely on New Yorkers to fill most of the Garden. Because of the rain, I feared most New Yorkers would stay home and watch the rally on television. National TV and radio coverage had been arranged, but I was worried about that. The idea of the rally was to get enough people in one place to make a sufficiently loud noise that would bring General Eisenhower home to campaign for the nomination. That meant that, this night at least, what happened inside the Garden was more important than what might be going on elsewhere in the country. We were making sound movies of the rally which Jacqueline Cochran was going to fly to Paris immediately. A quiet and empty Garden certainly wouldn't be much of a "clear-cut call to political duty" for anybody.

I fretted all day. According to the plan, my instructions were to be at the Garden around ten o'clock to help attendants seat the audience. If necessary, I was also to make an announcement after the fights, inviting the fans to re-

main for the rally. But I couldn't wait until ten o'clock. At eight, Marge and I left our apartment and took a cab to the Garden. As we drove down Eighth Avenue, I became aware of the crowds three blocks from the arena. I was about to say something about people who didn't know enough to get in out of the rain when it occurred to me that the crowd was on its way to the rally—three hours early and in the pouring rain. The cab couldn't get near the Garden. We got out at 52nd Street and fought our way through the mob. The street in front of the Garden was blocked with people. Lines spilled around the corners on 49th and 50th Streets and stretched all the way to Ninth Avenue. Marge and I battled for almost an hour to get to the stage door and when finally we got inside we were drenched but deliriously happy.

There was no question about what to do with the fight fans. They had to go. At eleven, after the Garden was empty guards opened all the doors and the Eisenhower crowd avalanched in. In a few minutes, the Garden was like a madhouse. Thousands of people hurried through the corridors, looking for seats. Shouts of "We want Ike!" echoed like thunder. The constant rumble of excited voices made it impossible to hear the person standing next to you. Fire Department inspectors were unable to take a count in order to prevent overpacking the Garden and, with the stairways jammed, no one could tell how many people were inside. At eleven-fifteen, the doors were shut, locking out some five thousand people. Instead of going home or to bars to watch the show on TV, they stood there in the rain and heard the performance over loud-speakers.

The show itself was completely out of hand. Some performers were unable to get through the mob, others were too late to appear on schedule. Somehow, stars like Ethel Merman, Irving Berlin, Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart

and Tex and Jinx managed to do what they could to entertain. From London, Mary Martin sang by radio, accompanied by Richard Rodgers at a piano in the Garden. About the only actual political note was expressed in a short talk by Senator Lodge.

But we had achieved what we wanted. The theme of the rally had been: "To vote for Eisenhower in November, you must stand up and be counted now." Thousands of people showed up on a stormy night to do exactly that. An accurate count was impossible. To pay for the Garden rental, we asked everybody to contribute a dollar; the contributions totalled $18,000. Undoubtedly, some people contributed more than a dollar: the Garden wasn't completely filled because the Fire Department had closed the doors too soon. But there were still five thousand people standing out in the rain.

Nevertheless, from the newspaper comments for the next few days, you'd think Marge and I were the only people who showed up. The old game had started all over again. According to the columnists, the Garden was practically empty, and those who were there were raving maniacs. George E. Sokolsky wrote:

"In many respects, the mummers' serenade of Eisenhower was an amazing performance, because it is difficult to understand, in political terms, why it was done. It was held in Madison Square Garden, after a prize fight, at 11:30 o'clock at night. The audience of 15,000 was partly assured by the residue of the fight and partly by free tickets distributed from Maine to Texas. . . . Such shenanigans as the mummers perpetrated at Madison Square Garden, the reduction of an election campaign to vaudeville, if not to burlesque, do no harm to the opposition, but do embarrass and even humiliate the one whom the actors and such pretend to support."

Leonard Lyons wrote: "Jacqueline Cochran now is flying the movies of the Eisenhower Rally, held at the Garden on Friday night, to the general's offices in Paris. She would be wise to dump this film into the Atlantic. . . . This was one of the worst-produced shows ever held at the Garden. If his staff ever had been guilty of such lack of planning and imagination, he never could have won a battle."

Robert V. Spivack, in the New York *Post,* described the crowd as "decidedly on the light side," and said: "The whole rally might best be summed up as organized pandemonium." Jack Gould, TV critic of the New York *Times,* complained that the television audience was being ignored. Robert Ruark said: "The recent big television demonstration for Gen. Eisenhower was met by mingled moans from a lot of Eisenhower admirers. This was the big love feast of actors and notables that was skippered by Tex McCrary. Songs were sung and a lot of glittery notables got up and declared out loud for General Eisenhower. 'I'm interested in what Ike stands for,' one cynical gentleman remarked. 'But do I have to have Humphrey Bogart or Jackie Cooper tell me what he stands for?' "

We were, as the columnists called us, amateurs, and the charge that the rally was a love feast was certainly true. Though the rally was political in spirit, it was not so in fact; it wasn't intended to be. All of us merely wanted to show General Eisenhower that he was our choice for the Presidency. We had every intention of showing him again in November, if convention delegates gave us the chance. Nor was the rally intended to be a Ziegfeld Follies. Most of the entertainers had hurried over from Broadway theatres where they had already given the polished, professional performances which had won fame for them and they wanted this opportunity to tell people who liked them that they liked Ike.

Just as our audience was composed of independent people, so General Eisenhower was an independent man, and political parties don't like independence: they can't control it. The size of our audience was evident to anybody who saw the television broadcast, so that couldn't be criticized. The enthusiasm of the audience was equally evident, so that couldn't be criticized either. But the Party-liners behind Taft and the spokesmen for every other opponent had to find something to criticize, or else admit that the rally was a success. So they said we didn't know anything about show business.

All of us were stunned by the newspaper reports. We had expected a little more fair play. We worried about their effect on General Eisenhower, who surely would see them. When days passed without word from Paris, we thought that we might really have pulled a boner after all. I did not learn the General's reaction to the rally until months later, when the Eisenhowers returned to the States. Mrs. Eisenhower told me:

"The night we showed the movies which Jacqueline Cochran flew over, Ike invited some friends in. After the first reel, the lights were turned on so that the operator could put on the second reel. I looked at Ike. He was all choked up and there were tears in his eyes. He turned to me and said, 'I had no idea, Mamie; I didn't think there'd be so many people.' That's when I knew I might just as well start packing."

The rally, then, had achieved what we wanted of it. In the months ahead, there were many more such rallies, all of them equally criticized, all of them equally successful. In time, the criticism stopped. The Party-liners were beginning to learn a few lessons from the amateurs. And it was high time.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Those Wonderful Mugwumps

THE FIRST STATE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY IS HELD IN New Hampshire in March. Half a million people, with only four electoral votes among them, set the pace of the coming campaign. A bad showing in New Hampshire has scared many a candidate out of the race. Though a candidate can ask that his name not be entered in the New Hampshire primary, his permission isn't required to put it there. In 1948, when there was talk of putting General Eisenhower's name on the New Hampshire primary ballot, he said no. In 1952, when the talk came up again, he said nothing.

The New Hampshire ballot is divided into two different parts: the delegates and the candidates themselves. New Hampshire Republicans send fourteen delegates to the national convention. Often the delegation is split, because the candidate who wins the preferential—or popular—vote doesn't always win all the delegates. Long before the primary campaign began, supporters of Senator Taft claimed that not only would he win the preferential contest but that the fourteen delegates on the ballot favoring him would also win. Now, fourteen votes at the national convention aren't very much, but politicians think that voters are sheep and will follow a trend. The candidate who wins in New Hampshire is supposed to have a big head-start on everybody else everywhere in the country. Voters elsewhere are supposed to be so impressed by the New Hampshire

voters that they can't wait to rush to polling places to vote the same way. When you examine this carefully, it doesn't make much sense. Just because the national vote has frequently reflected the New Hampshire vote doesn't establish an irrefutable axiom. But politicians think it does, and thus the New Hampshire primary is important. Some big politicians supporting General Eisenhower were afraid of New Hampshire. To win a primary, they maintained, the candidate had to campaign in the state, or at least indicate that he was interested in winning. General Eisenhower was in Europe, and he hadn't indicated anything at all. The politicians felt that losing in New Hampshire would reflect against him in the dozen other primaries held across the country and would therefore ruin his chances at the convention. But the test had to be made somewhere, and New Hampshire was it. The great success of the Madison Square Garden rally offered encouragement; also encouraging was the fact that Eisenhower's name had been entered in the New Hampshire primary by the governor—Sherman Adams.

In February, I received a letter from Bob McIlvaine, executive secretary of the Eisenhower For President Committee, in which he said that Governor Adams had asked for me to go to New Hampshire to make a couple of speeches at Eisenhower rallies. I grabbed at the chance.

The first rally was at Dover, on Friday, February 22. I flew to Manchester where Raymond Bowles, chairman of the Eisenhower headquarters, met me and provided transportation to Dover. Ray was optimistic about the primary, but he repeatedly voiced the worry I had heard from the big shots: "I wish Ike would come home and get into the fight." I tried to explain why the General wouldn't come home at this point, that having been appointed to the important NATO job he refused to quit unless the public clamor for him to enter politics was loud enough.

"We made a lot of noise in the Garden," I said. "Winning the primary will add to it. Don't worry about the Boss. With him, duty comes first, and when he feels convinced it's his duty to go into politics, he will."

It was raining in Dover. At the hotel, I met the then Congressman and now Governor Christian Herter, who was also scheduled to speak. The meeting was set for seven-thirty; I thought that was too early, but Herter assured me that everything happened early in New Hampshire so that people could go home and get to bed. A few cars were parked in front of the building. Gathered in the courtroom—the rally hall—were about a hundred people.

I winced. "Where's the crowd?" I whispered to Herter.

"I guess this is it," he said. "But don't be upset. It's raining. Besides, primary day is almost three weeks off. The people aren't excited enough yet."

I accepted his explanation, as I came to accept the explanations of all politicians: they are never caught without one.

But even a hundred people were a lot, as far as I was concerned. I hadn't minded the thousands at the Garden because I knew they hadn't come there to see me. The group at Philadelphia hadn't bothered me too much, either, because we were all veterans, already dedicated to Eisenhower, and I felt I was among friends. Besides, the treat of actually being listened to in Philadelphia meant too much to be scared by the audience. But Dover was different. I couldn't tell how many of the audience were already pro-Eisenhower; I expected they came to hear and then decide. Realizing that I would be a factor in that decision made me feel a little uncomfortable. I knew I was no orator. In the past, I had just let the words pour out and hoped they made sense. I hadn't fretted about effective phrases or dramatic gestures; I just talked. On the plane to

New Hampshire, I decided that the quicker I got off the Dover platform the better it would be for everybody, especially Eisenhower.

So I stood up in front of those one hundred people in the courtroom and I talked as fast as I could. The speed apparently made me sound more enthusiastic than I already was, and I stirred the crowd. I told them about the Eisenhower I knew, a modest man who appreciated and understood little people, who knew the problems of farming, labor and industry, a great general and a skillful diplomat, and a good cook. I noticed that women's eyes widened when I talked about cooking, so I went into detail, talking about his favorite foods and little culinary tricks he had taught me. The only political thing I said was to ask everybody to vote for him.

I got a big hand, so surprisingly big that Christian Herter said: "We've got to keep you around here. Let's go over to Concord tomorrow and talk to Sherm Adams about it."

Herter had talked to Sherman Adams on the phone before we got in to see him, and after we shook hands the Governor said: "We're having a rally here Monday night. Congressman Walter Judd of Minnesota is the principal speaker. I'd like to have you on the program, too. Can you stay?"

I said sure.

"We've got some radio time arranged for today," Adams said. "How about making a couple of short talks?"

"Anything I can do," I said happily.

"Got any other ideas?"

"How about letting me chat with people on the street?" I suggested. "I can answer their questions and settle any doubts they might have."

"Good," the Governor said. "We can fix that."

I telephoned Marge and gave her the sad news that I wouldn't be home for the weekend, and then I went to work. I gave two radio talks. The rest of the day I wandered through downtown Concord, meeting people, telling them about Eisenhower. Men were most interested in learning what soldiers had thought of the General. Evidently they had heard that General MacArthur hadn't been well liked by his men; true or not, it made a difference to people, especially when politics entered the picture. I was able to tell them from first-hand observations that the men loved Eisenhower. Women asked about Eisenhower's cooking, and it occurred to me that he would undoubtedly be the only Presidential candidate in history to win the women's vote because he knew his way around a kitchen.

By nightfall I was tired. I bought the papers and went to my hotel room to read and to rest. But I didn't get much rest. The lead story was from Barre, Vermont, where Senator Taft had made a speech that day. One of his remarks almost made me explode. There had been some talk around the country that General Eisenhower's known liberalism would attract independent voters and thereby assure his victory. Several polls supported that idea. Taft said:

"My opponents are laying all their stress on one argument—that if I should be nominated by the Republicans, I cannot win. I don't know the basis of this argument, except some polls which have been deliberately set up to assist that propaganda. We cannot afford to modify our (Republican) principles to secure the support of a limited number of mugwumps who never have and never will believe in Republican principles."

Mugwumps? Thousands of independent voters were mugwumps? And Republican principles? What principles? Taft's? New Hampshire's Senators Charles W. Tobey and Styles Bridges were both Republicans, but their voting rec-

ords in no way resembled Taft's. To me, the big issue facing the country was international cooperation. On ten bills before the Senate encouraging greater activity in that field, Tobey had voted "yes" on seven, Bridges had voted "yes" on them all, and Taft had voted "no" on them all. He had voted against U.S. participation in the United Nations and in NATO. If Taft was voting Republican principles, what did that make Tobey and Bridges? Mugwumps?

I sat in my hotel room and fumed. Making matters worse was a front page editorial in one of the papers complaining that General Eisenhower had not taken specific stands on any issues of the day and asserting that anyone voting for him would be voting blind. Shortly before, the *New York Times* had published a full page of excerpts from Eisenhower speeches, quoting him on every issue of the campaign. I wanted to call up the New Hampshire editors and suggest they read some paper besides their own, but it was too late at night to reach anybody. I decided the only thing I could do was to blow off steam at the Monday night Concord meeting and I spent all day Sunday writing the speech.

About twelve hundred people showed up at the Concord City Auditorium. When it was my turn to talk, I started off as usual. After a few minutes, I brought up the subject of Senator Taft's voting record. Then I switched to the issues and the charges of Eisenhower's vagueness. I had thought up a story to prove my point. I told of the man who had informed his wife that he was bringing home dinner guests the next night and asked her to prepare a good meal. Later, he asked if she had decided on the menu. She had: vegetable soup, a roast, potatoes, a salad, a layer cake for dessert.

"Vegetable soup?" he asked. "That's vague. Be specific. What's going to be in the soup?"

"Oh," she said, "peas, carrots, beans, tomatoes."

"And what about that salad?" he said. "Salads are vague. Be specific about the salad."

His wife described the salad, and then he asked:

"What about the cake? What kind of cake is it going to be? One layer or two layers? You gonna have frosting on it? Come on now, be specific. Be specific about that cake."

"Listen," she said, "if you're determined to be so specific about the menu, go out in the kitchen and cook it yourself. The food's all there. Or you can take your friends to a restaurant."

I told the Concord rally: "If Senator Taft is so worried about specifics, let him look at the record—Eisenhower's speeches. They're in all the papers. If he doesn't want to do that, let him think of something else to argue about."

The story came off rather well. Congressman Judd told me later he had used it subsequently himself. But it didn't sit too comfortably with others. I was told: "Marty, you're not a politician. Don't talk politics. Your value is that you know Eisenhower personally and we don't. You talk about him personally and we'll talk about him politically."

"Then start talking," I said. "So far you haven't said anything. Taft is raising hell all over the country and you won't even frown at him."

"That's our worry," they said.

They didn't seem worried enough to suit me. Somebody had decided to treat Senator Taft gently, which struck me as a strange way to campaign for anything. You don't win by telling people your opponent is a great man. In my mind, Senator Taft was far from it. He might have been all right on domestic issues, but his strong isolationism at that particular moment of world history struck me as almost evil. And the intellectual dishonesty and snobbery which he displayed so openly made him dangerous. He

had, however, a certain appeal among die-hard Republicans and others who were shortsighted enough to believe that America could survive without strengthening itself and its allies. To me, this was suicide and I wanted to fight it. But for some reason nobody else did.

After the Concord rally I took the sleeper back to New York and returned to my business. In two days I received another letter from Bob McIlvaine, saying that Congressman Judd had urged the Eisenhower For President Committee to keep me in New Hampshire as much as possible. Bob asked me to return to New Hampshire as soon as I could. I wanted to, and I knew I would, but I was hesitant for two reasons: first, I was making trips at my own expense and the turkey business wasn't doing very well at the time; second, I had been silenced politically and I didn't like the idea that nobody else would take up the torch. I talked things over with Marge. She offered to keep an eye on my business while I was away, and she said: "Marty, maybe the politicians are right. Try it their way for a while. If things don't go the way you think they should, the next time you're on a platform say what's on your mind. You might never make another speech, but at least you'll get it off your chest."

I took all of Marge's advice and part of her generous offer. For the next two weeks I became a regular New Hampshire commuter. I flew out of New York everyday at noon to wherever I was supposed to speak, talked at the rally, then took the sleeper back to New York. This gave me a chance to spend a couple of hours every morning at my office, home for a shower and a change, then back north. Often Mrs. Sherman Adams acted as my chauffeur, racing through snow and along icy New Hampshire roads with the skill of a Barney Oldfield. Anybody else might

have lost weight at this, but I thrived on it. I was working for General Eisenhower, and nothing made me happier than that, even though I quietly boiled inside as, night after night, I waited fruitlessly for the principal political speakers to start swinging. I shared platforms with men like Governor Adams, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, Judge Albert D. Leahy and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Governor John Lodge, Paul Hoffman, all of them fine men except that I felt they were being far too gentle.

As often as they could, Tex and Jinx went to New Hampshire with groups of entertainers. This always attracted big crowds, but it also gave the pro-Taft press a field day. The New Hampshire Sunday News carried this headline: HOW NOT TO WIN VOTES—WITH JINX—Big Ike Rally a la Hollywood Near Flop. Another paper headlined: IKE BACKERS ADD CIRCUS TOUCH TO N. H. RALLIES.

This annoyed me; we were drawing big, enthusiastic crowds and I disliked the insinuations flooding the rest of the country that we were shouting our heads off in empty big tops. Experience had taught us that people simply will not pack a hall to listen only to politicians, so we supplied them with entertainment as well. I got a laugh out of some of the newspaper ads that listed me among the entertainers, and one night I told Fred Waring, who frequently appeared with his singers, that if he needed a good baritone on his weekly TV show I had a tux, would travel, and worked cheap.

Once I mentioned my annoyance to Tex McCrary. "Marty," he said, "don't be concerned. They've got to criticize somebody, so they're picking on us. They just wish they'd thought of it first."

Tex was having trouble of his own. On a book-discussion television show with Senator Taft, Tex was appointed to

criticize the Senator's book on, of all things, our foreign policy. Tex caught the Senator off base by pointing out that what he had written didn't agree with how he had voted. Columnist George Sokolsky, also on the show, thought Tex was calling Taft a liar, and said so. Taft demanded an apology, but Tex refused to give it. NBC got all upset over the incident and asked Tex to withdraw from his own radio and TV shows for the duration of the campaign. I don't know how many thousands of dollars this cost Tex, but he did it.

I continued attending nightly rallies throughout the state. In Claremont one morning I had entered the restaurant of the Eagle Hotel for breakfast and saw Harold E. Stassen, who was campaigning New Hampshire for himself. I said hello and asked if I could join him.

"Delighted," he said. "I've heard a lot about you. You've been busy around here, haven't you?"

Stassen had earlier been to Paris to talk to General Eisenhower. On returning, he was noncommittal about his visit, and remained so. When he announced his own candidacy for the Presidency, a lot of people took this to mean that Eisenhower had indicated that he would again refuse to enter politics. I tried to question Stassen about this, but he wouldn't say much.

I had the effrontery to tell him: "I think you're making a mistake. We have a very energetic group now and we're going to win—all the way. You are a much admired and respected man. If you'd join us now, I'll bet you could be vice president."

"You think so?" was all he said, and he grinned.

I thought so. Years later I reminded Stassen of that conversation. He just grinned.

It was at Claremont, too, that I was promoted. Whoever

made up the ads for the rallies moved me out of the entertainer's section up with the principal speakers. This pleased me very much, except that it ruined my chances to go to work for Fred Waring.

On Thursday, March 6, I spoke at Laconia with Governor John Lodge of Connecticut. The papers that day carried stories that on the following morning Senator Taft would make a fast speaking tour of the state and I decided to follow him around. Early Friday morning, I got a car and a driver and headed for Lancaster, Taft's first stop. Also on the schedule were Littleton, Lebanon, Claremont, Newport and Keene. Most of the talks were given in school halls, a couple of them outdoors. Two bus loads of reporters started out from Lancaster at eight o'clock, but by noon half of them gave up. Taft said the same thing at every stop and the reporters saw no reason for tramping around in the snow to hear it.

But I had my own plans. Taft's talk included the accusation that since General Eisenhower had, as a military man, taken orders from Democratic Presidents for twenty years he couldn't think like a Republican and was also indebted to Roosevelt and Truman for his fast promotions. After the speech, questions were invited.

I called out: "Senator, isn't it true that though a President nominates generals for promotions, the Congress must approve them?"

"That's right," he said.

"Did you vote to approve Eisenhower's promotions?"

"I did," he said.

I said: "Thank you."

At the next town, I touched on another part of his speech. I asked: "Senator, did you vote to cut down the size of our Air Force?"

"I did," he said.

"And did you vote against rebuilding Western Europe defenses?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, Senator, would you say that Russia is an aggressive nation?"

"I would say that," he said.

I asked: "Well, Senator, if Europe has no armies and we have no Air Force and Russia decides to attack us, how do the people of New Hampshire protect themselves? Build a wall around the state?"

By the time we got to Claremont, the Senator wouldn't recognize me anymore when I raised my hand, but I didn't care. I felt I had punctured a few holes in him, which made an impression on his audiences. I had to speak at Nashua that night and hurried there. Tex McCrary and Governor Adams were waiting for me. I told them where I had been and what I had done. Sherman Adams was far from pleased, though Tex seemed delighted.

Adams said: "When this campaign started, I pledged to keep it on a high plane."

"You have," I said, "and that high plane may cost the fourteen delegates. Let's not be naive. Taft is fighting dirty, so let us."

"Let's not," Adams said. "Marty, that convention next summer is going to be tough enough. We'll have plenty of trouble getting Taft's delegates away from him as it is. If we get them mad now, we're sunk."

"Maybe you're right," I said. "But if we don't win this primary, we'll be sunk anyway. I want to go to that rally tonight and tell people what I went through today."

Tex said: "Let him, Governor. The primary is less than a week away. If we don't get people excited now, we'll never

do it. And Marty's right. People ought to know what Taft is pulling."

Adams was still reluctant, but he said: "All right, Marty. Say what you want, but just don't get too rough."

I began my speech with the usual wartime anecdotes, then related my tour with Senator Taft. I said:

"That man is an ostrich. He is hiding his eyes from the fact that if we don't help Europe we will not only have Russia at our doorstep but we will be responsible for the enslavement of millions of free people. Do you want to live in that kind of world? Europe is our neighbor, ideologically as well as geographically. Would you let your neighbor's house burn down without trying to help save it? That's what Senator Taft wants you to do—let Europe's freedom burn down. General Eisenhower is over there now trying to preserve it. But the Senator is here, asking you to do what he's doing—hide your heads from the facts."

Behind me I heard Governor Adams whisper: "Take it easy, Marty, take it easy."

But I was warmed up and couldn't stop. All I wanted to do that night was convince those people of something that living with General Eisenhower for three years had taught me: free people need each other. I harped on that for half an hour, citing the U. N. and NATO as examples of what could and must be done, showing that Eisenhower was for these organizations, was actually working with them at the moment. When I finished, I was exhausted, but the overwhelming applause was so gratifying that as I sat down I wondered if I ought to give up the turkey business and try this for a living.

The next day, Saturday, Tex and I went to see Governor Adams in his office at Concord. He told us: "I've decided

you two are right. I can't be quiet any longer. I'm going to issue a statement against Taft. I've got a call through to Cabot Lodge in Boston, so that he'll know what I'm doing."

This was big news. Governor Adams was widely known for his clean tactics in political fights. Only being pushed unfairly against the wall could have made him mad enough to sling the mud back at the mud slingers. All morning and for the rest of the afternoon we three worked on the statement. Each version was read on the phone to Governor Lodge. He flinched audibly at some of the statements, but he felt too that something had to be said. Reporters outside in the hall sensed that big news was coming, and they grew restless and angry as their deadlines neared.

The statement was released about three in the afternoon. It was a strong statement. Adams accused Senator Taft of intellectual dishonesty, of distorting his own previous statements and everybody else's, and of being an isolationist at a time when the rest of the country was actively engaged in international cooperation. He listed Taft's voting on foreign policy issues, all negative positions, then showed how Eisenhower had not only urged Congress to support European aid but was actually working for it on the scene. The statement ended with an urgent appeal for Eisenhower votes. The statement made headlines across the country. It was a bold and courageous gesture.

Primary Day was March 11, which left just two days for campaigning. Saturday and Sunday, Tex and I made radio appearances and brief visits to several towns. There was one town I wanted to go back to: Dover. We had started out there, and badly I thought. Only a hundred people. I urged the campaign leaders to end up there; I thought it would be good luck. We went back. Where there had once been a hundred people, there were now fifteen hundred, more than the town had voters, so we knew part of the

audience must have traveled from other communities to attend the closing rally. We couldn't have asked for a better omen.

The Taft forces tried one last trick. In an effort to prove that veterans didn't like General Eisenhower, they got up a petition from the New York area and gave it to New Hampshire papers as a plea from the veterans for voters not to support Eisenhower. It could have been an effective gesture, especially since the addresses of the signers included several towns. The petition had thirty-eight names. The signers lived in Hempstead, Hicksville, Bethpage, Levittown, all little communities on Long Island within a few minutes of each other and all of which had mushroomed after the war as veterans moved into low-cost housing projects. I had worked there in getting people to attend the Garden rally. There were eleven thousand veterans within a few miles radius. Thirty eight names on a petition was a lousy showing, no matter how you looked at it. But the people of New Hampshire couldn't have known that. To them, the petition was impressive. How could they know that in that large community liberal of politically active veterans those thirty eight names probably represented the only Republicans in the entire area? So I told them. I told as many as I could before I took the sleeper back to New York for the last time.

But I didn't sleep much. The Taft workers were still predicting a great victory. You can never tell what people are thinking, even when big crowds turn out to hear you talk. This is especially true in New England, where civic-minded people will even turn out for a political talk by their worst enemy, if only for the chance to crush him with questions. So there was nothing to do but wait until the votes were counted. Judging from the opinions of reporters in New Hampshire, the count didn't look too hope-

ful. They predicted Taft would win the preferential vote and at least five delegates.

I was awake most of the way to New York. All that day, I worked in my office with half of myself still in New Hampshire. Radio reports were infrequent and vague. I telephoned the New York *Times* every hour, hoping for news of a trend, but even the *Times* didn't know much. That night, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I telephoned Sherman Adams.

"I was just going to call you," he said. "We're in, Marty. General Eisenhower won the preferential vote by eleven thousand votes and he won all fourteen delegates to the convention."

It was a landslide. We had won the first round.

Two days later, I received a letter from Wesley Powell, a New Hampshire Taft-Republican. Two years previous, Powell had almost defeated Senator Tobey in a race for the Senatorial seat. He had been on the primary ballot as a Taft delegate and because of his personal popularity in the state we were all sure he would win. I had met him, talked with him and liked him. I told him it was a shame he was on the wrong side. His post-primary letter to me was brief: "Dear Marty—Congratulations! Wes."

So we had won a convert, too. It was a wonderful beginning.

CHAPTER NINE

Mugwumps Coast to Coast

POLITICAL PRIMARIES, BY DEFINITION, ARE PRELIMINARY elections in which the candidate of a party is nominated directly by the voters. According to the *Columbia Encyclopedia,* "The establishment of the primary system resulted from the demand to eliminate the evils of nominations by party conventions, which were often open to machine manipulation and to venality." Well, that's a pretty thought, but it doesn't work that way. I learned first-hand that primaries fall into two categories: they are either manipulated by party bosses or they are wild scrambles for votes by panicky candidates who are ready to throw honesty and decency out the nearest window. I admit this came as a shock to me. Politically, I guess, I was very naive. Like most Americans, I had never held politicians in too high regard. But as I grew older I began to realize that politicians had a lot of power over my personal life, and I didn't like that too much, especially in view of the kind of politicians we had. As I started taking an active part in politics, because of General Eisenhower, I met career politicians who favored him and I discovered most of them were good men. The only trouble with them was that they hid their lights under bushels, as if they were afraid that if they spoke up the political bosses would wallop them and ruin their careers. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised now to learn that something like that has happened more than once. It came close to happening in New Hamp-

shire when men like Sherman Adams and John Lodge and a few others were reluctant to start swinging at Senator Taft. Once they started, the people backed them, as the outcome of the primaries showed. Afterwards, I figured this was how it would be in every state conducting a primary. But I was wrong. In some states there was more than Senator Taft to fight; there was the machine. Political machines can make Al Capone's crowd look like Boy Scouts, a fact which I quickly found out for myself.

About a week after the New Hampshire primary, a miracle occurred in Minnesota. Primary laws of the state required that a candidate himself enter his name on the ballot. This, of course, General Eisenhower had not done. But the law permitted write-ins. On March 20, thousands of Minnesota voters put their pencils to work and produced the greatest write-in tally in the history of primaries. In a state which political experts thought would go completely to Former Governor Harold Stassen, General Eisenhower won half the convention delegation. This was particularly amazing in view of the fact that the national organization for Eisenhower did practically nothing in Minnesota. Earlier, I had urged Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. to stimulate write-in thinking among the voters, but, with others, he was hesitant to stretch the New Hampshire luck too far. This odd do-nothing attitude which grows out of a fear of losing is a disease peculiar to politicians, and I have never been able to understand it. Fortunately, the amateurs in the Minnesota Citizens For Eisenhower felt differently and worked hard. Their victory should have taught the professionals the vital importance of the independent voter—the mugwump, but apparently professionals learn slow.

The Minnesota victory, however, did serve to scare Senator Taft. The next primary on the list was New Jersey. Both Taft and Eisenhower were on the ballot. This time,

the national organization went to work. Tex, Jinx and I crossed the river to Jersey with shows; Senator Saltonstall, Governor Adams and others came down to speak. We knew that the New Jersey clubhouse politicians were for Senator Taft, but there was a strong pro-Eisenhower feeling in the state and we wanted to stir up a big vote at the polls. It was during this period that, in Morristown, I found the pamphlets in the auditorium, accusing the General of being Jewish, of making tactical errors during the war, and of being an inferior West Point student. None of the politicians, who were supposed to have arranged the rally, knew how the pamphlets got there. At rallies in Bergen County, a Republican stronghold, I was always puzzled by the small crowds. Enough politicians showed up to fill the platform, but this was token support, in the event that Eisenhower should win. At times, there were more people on the platform than in the audience. I did some checking around and discovered, with the help of Mrs. Stewart Alexander, a strong Eisenhower supporter, that there had been almost no newspaper advertising about the rally and that people weren't even told about the meeting until a couple of hours before it was scheduled. This was dirty poker, but it was understandable: the clubhouse gang didn't want Eisenhower to win. Undoubtedly they preferred the Old Guard because they knew that their lucrative connections would thus be able to continue undisturbed.

The surprise in New Jersey came three days before the primary when Senator Taft withdrew from the race. He claimed he didn't stand a chance in New Jersey because Governor Driscoll was for Eisenhower. So? The Governor, like everybody else, had one vote. How could this possibly sway the entire state against Taft? It was obvious to everyone that the Senator had withdrawn to save his face in the event of another defeat. But his name was on the

ballot and, said the primary officials, there wasn't time to remove it. It took very little probing to discover that he really hadn't wanted it taken off. Though he had withdrawn, his workers continued. This was almost clever; if Taft got a bad showing, his workers could claim that he wasn't in the race, and if by chance he won he'd have powerful ammunition elsewhere. Late at night as I'd drive home from New Jersey rallies, I'd see lights burning in Taft headquarters and I felt sure that whoever was in there wasn't playing canasta. But they might as well have. On Primary Day, the voters gave General Eisenhower a 75,000 plurality; of the state's thirty-eight convention delegates, Eisenhower got thirty-six.

At the same time, we were busy in Rhode Island, where there were eight delegates' votes at stake. Once again, we faced back-room politics. I was amazed to see how far people would go to get around the law. In Rhode Island, the pro-Taft forces were particularly clever, literally resorting to a squeeze play. Rhode Island primary laws prescribed that the eight national convention delegates should be elected at a state convention of eighty-two delegates and eighty-two alternates. Again, there was a strong pro-Eisenhower feeling in the state, a fact of which the Party leaders, who were Taft supporters, were painfully aware. The state convention was usually held in the Elks Club in Providence, where there was room for several hundred people. But the State Chairman, a pro-Taft man, arranged to hold the convention at Republican headquarters, which held only a hundred. This meant that sixty-four delegates and alternates would have to stand up throughout the convention, or leave. The pro-Taft party leaders hoped that those who left would be the Eisenhower people. But the trick didn't work. The pro-Eisenhower people showed up and those who couldn't get seats just stood there, ready to fight.

Aware of the brewing fight, the pro-Taft forces tried to save their necks by coming up with a "deal."

Two slates of delegates had been entered, one all for Taft, the other all for Eisenhower. The Party leaders suggested a compromise of choosing five for Eisenhower and three for Taft. Eisenhower supporters refused the deal. They wanted both slates to be put up for a vote and whatever the results were would be acceptable to them. This was a bit of a risk; the Party had great influence among the conventioners, but the risk wasn't taken out of superconfidence, only a desire for a little honest politics for a change. Before the Party leaders permitted the vote, they hustled the state delegates with wild promises of patronage, and by the time the convention was ready to vote the leaders were highly confident. The roll call was slow and tense. At the end of it, forty-four delegates had voted for the Eisenhower slate, thirty-eight for Taft's. The General won all eight delegates to the national convention.

See how the thing works? Maybe principles and convictions won't beat political machines, but guts will. The pro-Eisenhower people at the Rhode Island state convention had guts, and by fighting the solidly entrenched Taft forces they were able to garner enough support from the uncertain delegates to push through the Eisenhower ticket. Fortunately for all concerned, General Eisenhower had enough principles and convictions for everybody, and so this was a case where right made might.

Things were different in Illinois and Ohio. Ohio was Taft's home state, and he played it safe. General Eisenhower's name was not on the primary ballot and no write-ins were permitted. In view of that, Taft's boast of a landslide victory in Ohio was a big laugh. In Illinois, opposition was fierce. The influential pro-Taft Chicago *Tribune* had done its job well and the Senator walked off

with the state's delegation to the national convention. But he shouldn't have won Wisconsin.

Wisconsin puzzled me; I could never figure out how the Republican Party in one state could produce a man like Joe McCarthy and a man like Bob La Follette—McCarthy a Party-line right-winger, La Follette a courageous independent who had to break from the Party to get his state the kind of forward-looking government it deserved. Wisconsin Republicans in 1952 were still split, with Taft on one side and Earl Warren and Harold Stassen on the other. Eisenhower again was not on the ballot, but both Warren and Stassen were openly for him. Warren's slogan was: "A vote for Warren is a vote for Eisenhower." Stassen promised to swing his delegates to Eisenhower if he himself didn't get the presidential nomination on the first convention ballot. This was fine, but what you actually had were two men ostensibly running against each other but who were, in the end, behind Eisenhower. Any way you look at it, Warren and Stassen were splitting the Eisenhower vote between them. But by doing so, they were giving Taft a clear road. This should have been obvious to everyone; it was to me, and I was the greenhorn in the crowd.

I pleaded with the professionals among us to try to convince either Warren or Stassen to withdraw from the Wisconsin primary in order to tie their separate votes together and thereby beat Taft. Nothing doing. Nobody would listen. When the votes were counted, Senator Taft had it, of course. The bitter truth, however, was that, together, Warren and Stassen polled more votes than the Senator. I tried to understand why the big shots hadn't expected that. From the way primaries had gone in New Hampshire and Minnesota, it should have been obvious that the final battle would be between General Eisenhower and Senator

Taft. Warren or Stassen might only have had a chance if the convention became stalemated; they knew that themselves. Why hadn't one of them stepped aside in Wisconsin, and why hadn't one of them been asked? Could it have been that our professionals, wary of their own positions, didn't want to risk alienating a possible dark horse who might later seek revenge by refusing appointments and patronage to those who had pushed him around in Wisconsin? Possibly. It struck me as a weird way to play ball. So we lost Wisconsin.

Massachusetts was the complete reverse. Citizens for Eisenhower had worked so well among young, independent voters that we knew the state was ours after the first rally. I spoke at several rallies with Senator Saltonstall, and on April 26 we drove together from Northampton to Springfield. We talked about Senator Taft.

"Taft is a brilliant man," Saltonstall said, "and he does a good job as Republican Senate leader—on domestic policies. I disagree with him on foreign policies, and it's his foreign policy that will keep him out of the White House. Travel overseas during the war taught our young people too much about the world for them to believe that we can now revert to isolationism and survive. Marty, our young people are going to elect the next President—the new voter, the independent voter."

"Then you don't think Taft has a chance?" I asked.

"Not a chance," he said.

Massachusetts proved to be an indication of that. Eisenhower out-polled Taft by better than two to one.

On the way home from Massachusetts, I stopped off at Deerfield Academy, where I had been invited to speak. I knew the young students who would be listening to me didn't want to hear any political talk, so I decided to discuss Universal Military Training. This was a subject on

which General Eisenhower and Senator Taft disagreed. Many months previous the General had told a Congressional committee that he felt the country's young men needed military training of some kind so that, acquainted with service life, they could easily be re-trained in a hurry if the necessity ever arose. The Senator, on the other hand, had repeatedly stated at numerous rallies that he was completely against the idea. Youngsters facing UMT weren't hot for it, either. Nor were their mothers and girl friends. The cautious pro-Eisenhower professional politicians were aware of this feeling and avoided the subject as much as they could.

I thought that was playing ostrich. As long as the world was in its present state, we were going to have to have a large military force. Being trained, the men would not only know how to protect and defend themselves, but they could become of quick value to their country whenever the future demanded trained men fast. I told the students that I was convinced many men had been killed in combat simply because there hadn't been time to train them well enough for the job they had to do. UMT, therefore, was as important to the individual as it was to the country.

"I'm a cook," I said. "I was a cook for years before I went into the Army. I thought I knew my job, but I had to learn it all over again—the Army way. Criticize the Army if you want for lousing up and wasting time, but when you realize that overnight the Army took in millions of men and in a short time developed them into a functioning, effective organization, you must admit that the Army must know what it's doing. Industry couldn't do what the Army achieved in the same amount of time. Even so, there were weeks, while we were learning, that we were all dead weight to the Army, costing millions a day. Next

time—and God forbid there is a next time, we'll all know what's going on and we'll be ready to go to work as soon as we get our shots. And after you finish your UMT, you'll know all about the latest equipment and chances are you guys will be the officers who'll boss us oldtimers around. Then maybe someday I'll be campaigning for one of you."

I thought the speech went over rather well, but when I got back to New York, all hell broke loose. I had picked the wrong topic, I had stirred the sleeping dog, I had chased people into the enemy camp.

"Hold on!" I told the big shots. "If you think all those kids are now writing home to tell Papa to vote for Taft so they won't have to go into the Army, go up to Deerfield and ask around."

They did. Back came the report that the students felt I had given the best talk on UMT they had heard, that they all agreed that military training of some kind was essential, for their own good as well as the country's. The subject was dropped around headquarters, and my opinion of politicians dropped, too. I couldn't decide if I was the only one in the organization who had read General Eisenhower's speeches and knew how he felt on various issues or if I merely hadn't learned that the secret of successful politics was to beat around the bush.

I ran headlong into the UMT problem again when, in late May, I flew out to help in the South Dakota primaries. Again, Taft's name was on the ballot, but Eisenhower's name was not. To get him there, however, former Governor George Mickleson formed a slate of fourteen delegates who favored Eisenhower and got them on the ballot, listed as "no preference." But everybody knew. Instead of choosing convention delegates on an individual basis, voters could only vote once, and that for the entire slate. There

was a space at the top of each ballot for that purpose. Also on the ballot were the names of contenders for the Party nomination.

Senator Taft had been in South Dakota about a week before I arrived. This was solid ground for him because the people traditionally backed his ideas, long before they ever heard of the man. It came as a surprise to me to discover how isolationist the area was, right down to the man on the street. When I arrived in Sioux Falls on May 29, the Citizens For Eisenhower who met me discreetly suggested: "Mr. Snyder, in your talks, don't refer too much to how well things are going back East. People around here don't like Easterners." I had been given similar advice when I was down South, where people didn't like Northerners. Disclosing that I had been born in Baltimore helped the situation when I was in the South, but it had been nevertheless suggested that, while speaking, I say "you-all" occasionally.

This might explain why politicians were so quick to change their tunes, wherever they happened to be. Suddenly amusing the local population was more important than stating one's position clearly and honestly. I was a little discouraged in South Dakota, right off, but this was overcome by Barbara Gunderson, the sparkling, vibrant woman who was co-chairman of the Citizens For Eisenhower women's activities and important politically in South Dakota. We talked at lunch, and Barbara convinced me that, despite the isolationism of the state, the people liked Eisenhower enough to vote for him if they could get his story. Her enthusiasm sent me rushing to work.

And it was work. In that sparsely populated state, an audience of five was big. I spoke several times a day, to such small groups, to lunch meetings, to local forums, on street corners. In Wambly, I talked to a hundred Indians,

some of them in full war regalia. When I first saw them, I wondered if they were coming to scalp me, and my doubts deepened when they burst into a war dance. But Barbara assured me that the dance was intended to chase the Evil Spirit away from General Eisenhower and I felt better.

Senator Taft had taken advantage of local feelings. There was a large religious sect strongly opposed to UMT. To them, he had said: "Draft Ike and he'll draft you." Another of his slogans was: "Keep Our Boys Off Foreign Soil." He said we didn't need a large Armed Forces, that if Russia got funny anywhere in the world, our Air Force could go over and bomb Moscow and end everything there and then. This was talk the South Dakota voters wanted to hear, and Taft let loose a flood of it.

I had been in the state a day when, in the back of my memory, a thought began to stir. I couldn't dismiss it. I was convinced that sometime, somewhere, Senator Taft had come out in favor of military training. I mentioned it to Barbara.

I said: "I read it somewhere, but I'll be damned if I can remember. He might have said it in a speech, or maybe in the Senate."

"If he said it in the Senate," she said, "it ought to be in the Congressional Record."

"Do you have the Record here?"

"The library has," she said.

We went to the library and started paging through back copies of the Record. We remained as long as we could on Friday, then left to return early the next morning. But the library was closed on Saturday. I wanted to keep hunting, even if we had to break into the place, but Barbara managed to acquire a key and we went back to work. We wanted to locate the statement in order to make the Sunday

editions of the state papers; we had already missed the weeklies, a great loss because of the influence of the weekly press in the state. It was late afternoon when I found the statement I had unexpectedly remembered. We immediately sent this telegram to Taft headquarters:

DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT ON PAGE 2193 OF THE 1951 CONGRESSIONAL RECORD SAY: I AM FOR SOME KIND OF UNIVERSAL MILITARY PROGRAM, BUT I AM NOT FOR OTHER KINDS OF UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING.

We felt sure that we had him. If the telegram wasn't answered, then silence would be an admission. And if the statement was denied, we had the Congressional Record to prove that he was guilty of dishonesty, if not an outright lie.

Saturday night we got our answer:

I DID NOT SAY ON PAGE 2193 OF THE 1951 CONGRESSIONAL RECORD I AM FOR SOME KIND OF UNIVERSAL MILITARY PROGRAM, BUT I AM NOT FOR OTHER KINDS OF UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING.

Well, somebody was all wet. I telephoned Eisenhower headquarters in Washington, explained what had happened and asked somebody to look into the matter. Hours later came the explanation. There were two Congressional Records. The South Dakota library had had the bound volume, and the Taft statement appeared on the specified page. But Senators also received the daily issues, unbound and numbered differently. Therefore, we had either almost been victimized by a shrewd Taft worker who had answered our wire and who knowingly referred to the wrong Congressional Record, or the man had made a mistake. We gave him the benefit of the doubt. But we also gave the full story to the papers, and to be sure that it was printed we

also took ads and released both telegrams and the explanation. We then rushed to all corners of the state with the facts: though he was against Universal Military Training in front of voters, Taft had voiced a willingness to consider training on the floor of the Senate. The Senator, apparently, could be as flexible as the situation required.

There was confusion everywhere. People misread the story or didn't read it at all; they listened to our explanations and shook their heads. This was not purely a South Dakota predicament. Newspapermen had warned me elsewhere that people really didn't read newspapers, and if a story appeared even slightly involved and therefore demanded a little concentration they would give up after the first paragraph. With us, the problem was the lack of time. We were trying to do too much that was too complicated.

Primary Day was June 3; Senator Taft won by a plurality of twenty-five hundred votes.

But this was important: approximately five thousand votes for Eisenhower had been voided by the primary officials because the ballots had been improperly marked, in that voters had put their x-marks opposite the names of pro-Eisenhower candidates instead of, as was required, in the designated circle at the top of the pro-Eisenhower slate.

Interestingly, South Dakota has since had a change of heart. In 1952, Joe Foss, a South Dakota war hero, was reluctant to reveal, in the face of Taft's popularity, that he was pro-Eisenhower. He lost his own campaign that year. But he since has come out publicly for Eisenhower and has been elected governor.

When it was all over, I discovered I had learned a lot about primaries, and most of it I didn't like. There were only thirteen states in the country where the voters had a direct influence on choosing delegates to national conventions and, through this, indicating their choice for the

Party's nominee. Among these states, primary laws were so varied that a candidate either bucked a brick wall or was welcomed with loving arms, depending on the feelings of the local political machines. Eisenhower's name had been misspelled in the Minnesota write-in, which could have voided these ballots, but the Minnesota attorney general's office was pro-Eisenhower, so all the votes were counted; in South Dakota the opposite was true. Quite obviously, then, the selection of a Party candidate was not so much a matter for voters, but for machines, and whether or not the machines in 1952 were for or against General Eisenhower didn't mean as much to me as the fact that I felt the machines were too powerful. They could squelch any candidate they didn't like or push any candidate they felt might do them some personal good. I couldn't see, with that system, how local politics could be honest very often or how a politically ambitious man could expect to rise in government without many debts to local machines which would keep him from being an honest man himself. But I could see why General Eisenhower had refused to go into politics unless the voters themselves indicated that they wanted him. Many machines certainly wanted him: he was popular, practically a sure winner; machines want winners—it keeps them in office. It was a lousy way to run a country. What was needed, I felt, was a national primary law which enabled voters of every state to choose convention delegates who favored the man they preferred. This would not obviate the need for national conventions, but it would certainly clear out a lot of smoke-filled rooms where machine bosses made "deals" at the voter's expense. And one thing more: voiding a primary ballot because a man didn't know how to spell. That would be like denying a man his salary because he didn't know how to make change. As far as I was concerned, my ballot was my only assurance that my

government was going to be as honest as it could possibly be because of the way I would use that ballot. I didn't want anybody kicking it around, mine or anybody else's.

On June 3, 1952, the morning when some five thousand South Dakota voters virtually wasted their day at the polls, I got a plane at Sioux Falls and headed south to Abilene, Kansas. The Boss had come home from Paris in answer to the people's call to political duty. I was very anxious to see him again.

CHAPTER TEN

Homecoming

WHEN GENERAL EISENHOWER LEFT COLUMBIA UNIVERsity to become head of NATO, I made a habit of writing him at least once a month. I knew he would be too busy to reply, and I didn't expect it; I wrote him simply because I liked him and wanted to keep in touch with him. Though my visits to him at Morningside Heights had developed our friendship into a warm and intimate relationship, to me he was still The General. My respect for him was too great to permit myself to forget that. Often in his presence I felt like a student who had gone to spend an afternoon with his favorite professor. There was always so much to learn from him, no matter what the subject of conversation was. Yet he never indicated that he was aware of this attitude. He was always so interested in the lives and work of his Sunday guests, always so busy questioning them about their own activities that it never occurred to him that they had all gathered simply for the privilege and pleasure of being with him. My letters to him at Paris were somewhat like extensions of those visits. Though I didn't expect answers, they came, chatty notes assuring me that he and Mrs. Eisenhower were well and happy. The beginning of the 1952 primaries changed the tone of my letters. I started writing him every week, sending him progress reports and clippings from newspapers. His replies always expressed his gratitude, but he never commented on the trend of public

interest in him. Though I learned later that movies of the Madison Square Garden rally apparently made up his mind for him, he said nothing in the following weeks to indicate that he would take the plunge into politics. Actually, I didn't expect him to say so. But I let him know my feelings. After the New Hampshire and Minnesota primaries, I wrote him that I believed his presence in the country would be a great help to those who were working for him but that I could understand if he wanted to remain out of the picture for the time being. "However," I wrote, "I'll be looking for you around the first week of June."

On the afternoon of June 3, my plane from Sioux Falls landed at Kansas City where I met the press train to Abilene and the Eisenhower homecoming celebration the next day. Because Abilene had few hotel facilities, most of the General's party lived on the train, backed on a siding at the outskirts of his small hometown. It was raining when we arrived and it rained all night. Newspapermen, most of whom I knew from the primaries, were discouraged and television technicians were heartbroken, but I told them "Don't worry about the weather. God smiles on this man."

The first event, scheduled for twelve-thirty, was the laying of the cornerstone of the Eisenhower Museum, a collection of the gifts, awards and medals given to the General by the heads of various governments. The rain stopped at twelve-twenty.

Some seven thousand people lived in Abilene; more than twenty-five thousand jammed the town for the General's homecoming. It seemed that all of them tried to crowd into the small museum dedication area. Rather than fight the mob, I stood aside. I didn't think I'd get close to the Eisenhowers, but as the General and Mrs. Eisenhower passed through the crowd they saw me. The General grinned and waved and called: "Hello, Marty!" Mrs. Eisenhower looked

my way and a big smile came over her face. She took a step in my direction, but the crowd pushed her and the General onward. I felt wonderful that she had even tried to come to me and I hoped I would see her later. The ceremony lasted about fifteen minutes. At a quarter to one, it began to rain again.

A parade was scheduled for three o'clock. A gloom as dark as the rain settled over the town. The hundreds of people who were to march or ride floats were heartsick, but again I was convinced there'd be a break in the weather at the right moment. It came. A few minutes before three, the sun came through. The Eisenhowers, the town officials and visiting politicians used the top of the hotel marquee as a reviewing stand, and the last of the parade no sooner passed when the rain poured down again. It was then that reporters began to refer to the General as the man the sun shone on. Twice it had. Nobody dared hope it would happen a third time. At five, Eisenhower was to give his first political speech in a park the town had named after him. Network television cameras had been set up; the country was waiting to hear what Eisenhower had to say, but it looked now as if the important event would be rained out.

I arrived at Eisenhower Park at four-thirty. With the help of an attendant, I found a large sun umbrella which I set up in front of the microphones to shelter the General while he spoke. Rain still flooded the park some fifteen minutes later when the official party arrived. I went up to the Eisenhower car.

The General looked up at the sky. "This is a shame," he said. "Are there any people waiting?"

"Several thousand standing under the trees and under the bleachers," I said, "and there are thousands of cars loaded with people in the park."

He shook his head. "It's amazing, Marty," he said. "I

never expected a reception like this." He glanced at his watch. "We'd better get up there."

I had put several chairs under the sun umbrella to keep them dry. The General hurried to the umbrella and stood there, waiting. When people saw him, they left the protection of the trees and cars and moved towards the stand. At five to five, the rain thinned to a drizzle. TV staffs worked busily at their equipment, realizing that, rain or not, Eisenhower was going to speak. Within a few minutes, thousands of people stood in the drizzle in front of the stand. General Eisenhower glanced up at the umbrella.

"Take it away, Marty," he said. "If these people can stand in the rain to hear me, I guess I can stand in it to talk to them."

Precisely at five o'clock, when the General began to speak, the rain stopped and the sun came out.

He was in wonderful spirits and showed it, but standing there in a borrowed ill-fitting rain cap and cape he made a ludicrous picture on thousands of television screens across the country. Fading thunder drowned out some of his words and flashes of lightning gave him sudden pallors, and rumors soon spread across the country that he was ill. By this time, however, I had grown used to seeing whispers blown into headlines and I wasn't disturbed by all the talk. Eisenhower's voice was strong and firm, and he moved the crowd deeply. Listening to him was a thrill to me: he had come home, he had joined the fight, we were working together again. He finished speaking at five-thirty; at five-thirty-two, while he was still standing at the microphones acknowledging the cheers, the rain returned, heavier than before.

"Just in time," he said to me as he hurried back to his car.

"Perfectly timed," I said. "It's a wonderful omen."

The town was filled with western senators and governors, all of whom I knew would demand much of the General's time, so I made no attempt to see him for the rest of the day. The next afternoon at three, I was in my compartment on the press train when a messenger came with word that General Eisenhower would see me immediately in his hotel suite. He was wearing a smoking jacket when he opened the door for me; he was alone. We shook hands and asked about each other's wives. He said he was sorry that Marge hadn't come to Abilene with me, Mrs. Eisenhower would have liked to see her. Then we sat down and he looked straight at me. "Well, let's have it, Marty," he said. "What's been going on?"

I knew he didn't want to hear praise and flattery; he was interested in the other side. He was being a soldier. He wanted to know his enemy. I started at the beginning and told him about my heckling Senator Taft in New Hampshire, about the vicious pamphlets I found in New Jersey, about the Rhode Island attempt to railroad Eisenhower delegates, about the Warren-Stassen contest which had cost the Wisconsin delegation, about the Congressional Record incident in South Dakota. I told him, too, which politicians I felt were sincerely for him and which I suspected of jumping on the bandwagon simply because they believed he was going to win. I warned him against men like Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin and Senator Jenner of Indiana because, to me, their attitudes and conduct completely opposed everything General Eisenhower believed in and fought for. I also expressed my evaluation of convention delegates as a species, stating that I felt most of them were puppets in the hands of state machines and I urged him to meet as many of them personally as he could so that they could judge him for themselves and not have their thinking done for them by Party bosses.

"I haven't been very subtle all the time," I admitted, "but I've been working for you, not the Republican Party."

"I'm not working for the Republican Party either," he said. "If this country needs a change it isn't necessarily to Republicanism, but to Americanism, and that's all I'd hope to achieve."

"Sir," I said, "I'm an amateur at politics and I know I've made a lot of mistakes so far in this campaign, but the one thing I've learned is that if anybody can save this country, you're the one."

"Listen, Marty," he said, "I'm an amateur at politics, too, remember that. So we've both got a lot to learn. You've been doing an excellent job, and I hope you'll want to keep it up."

"I will," I said, "and so will a lot of other people who believe in you. You should know that by now."

"I do, and I'm overwhelmed," he said. "At first, I didn't know how to react to it all. I never expected anything like it."

"The only reaction we want is for you to fight for the nomination," I said.

"I intend to, Marty," he said, "but in my way. It'll be tough: I'm in politics now, but I refuse to be political. I am not going to be a politician in the usual sense of the word. No deals, no under-the-counter stuff. If I can't get the nomination my way, I don't want it."

"You'll get it," I said.

He grinned. "Thanks. And thanks for everything you've done." I stood up and we shook hands. "Say hello to Marge," he said, "and both of you come see us when Mamie and I are back in New York."

I left the hotel floating on a cloud. Ahead, I knew, was a lot of hard work, but having the General home would make

it so much easier. He could speak for himself now, thus providing weapons for the rest of us who toured the country on his behalf. And he would be easily available to any of us who suddenly needed him when we found ourselves up against situations we might not be able to handle alone. I felt as confident of victory as I had during the war, and this, too, was war, a war against ambitious politicians whose dishonesty and deception were threats to our country as great as any foreign enemy might offer. I was fully aware that, with his determination for clean politics, General Eisenhower was a lamb among wolves. Even men who claimed to be with him could be ruthless when turned loose in the political jungle. I could only hope that part of what the General felt would seep through to the average voters and they would not only support his campaign for clean politics but demand the same of any man who sought public office. Without that, we were all sunk.

That evening, I flew back to New York. Aboard the plane were several reporters who had covered the homecoming and attended the press conference Eisenhower had held. Sitting next to me was a man who was obviously a reporter, but I hadn't met him before, and after we talked for a while I asked him his name.

"Bob Considine," he said.

"Oh," I said, "you're the one who was going to take a swing at Eisenhower if you ever got near him."

"That was in 1948," Bob said. "I've changed my mind."

"I'm glad of that," I said.

"And I've changed my mind about you, too," he said. "You were right in 1948, and you're right now."

A few days later he demonstrated his change of mind by writing a column about me and my work for General Eisenhower. He had, indeed, crossed over. So had many other

newspapermen, especially those who, during the primaries, felt the General didn't have much of a chance. The conversions meant a great deal to me. I had been confident all along, and now I was getting almost cocky about it.

The sad state of my boneless-turkey business took a lot of the cockiness out of me. Being away so much had given my staff the impression that I was no longer interested in the business, so many of them went looking for other jobs. Sales had dropped so low that there was scarcely money to pay anybody. With the office and plant virtually abandoned, Marge had been forced to take over the business herself. On top of her own schedule as a dress designer, she was busy day and night. When I got home, she said: "I hope you plan to be around for a while. I can't keep this up."

"I'll be around," I said, "for a month. Then I have to go to Chicago for the convention."

Marge shook her head. "I'll be glad when that man moves into the White House so that you can resume a normal life."

"That's the idea behind it all," I told her.

I spent long hours at the office, trying to get ahead of myself. Though Marge now knew I planned to attend the convention, I hadn't mentioned that I also expected to take part in the actual Presidential campaign, if a job could be found for me. I was ready for an explosion in the house when I eventually made the announcement, but having gone this far I certainly wasn't going to stop until the job was finished.

Meanwhile, a problem arose in the Eisenhower campaign which had to be solved. Because he hadn't campaigned in the primaries, the General had not met any of the convention delegates, even those who had come out for him. A few of them had gone to Abilene, but there were hundreds of others. They had a right to know where Eisenhower

stood on current issues, they had a right to question him, and somehow arrangements had to be made for meetings between him and delegates before the convention. Leaders of the Eisenhower group decided to extend invitations to all interested delegates to come to New York to meet the General. Expenses would be paid by the Citizens For Eisenhower. Requests from delegates came immediately, and right on their tails came complaints from Senator Taft's workers that we were trying to buy delegates by offering them vacations in New York. Under other circumstances, this might have been true: politicians have gone further to get a vote. But the logic behind the invitations was understandable and I was all for it. Only the delegates could decide whether or not they were being bought, and if any of them took advantage of the free trip just to tour New York then the price of their ticket was no guarantee of their support; loyalty so easily purchased is as easily lost.

As often as I could, I attended the General's conferences with the delegates, either at Morningside Heights or at headquarters in the Commodore Hotel. Always I'd sit in the back of the room, just listening. I was amazed by the scope of his knowledge, the readiness of his answers, his prompt forthrightness in admitting he didn't know the answer to certain questions when he didn't. He made no promises or predictions. He didn't beg for votes, nor did he attempt to charm delegates into supporting him. He was there to answer questions, and he did. This was serious politics, the kind all of us wanted, and I was thrilled to be able to witness it in action.

After each session, I'd drift among the delegates to eavesdrop on their reactions. They were all overwhelmed. Many of them just stood around, shaking their heads in amazement and muttering "He's terrific" and "I never met any-

one like him" and "I'm sold a hundred per cent." I heard one may say: "I've been waiting ten years to meet a candidate like that man."

Impulsively I said: "I've been working ten years to make that man the candidate."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Panty-Waist Set *vs* the Texas Strong-Arm

THE NOMINATION OF DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER ON THE first ballot at the 1952 Republican Convention in Chicago must have given heart attacks to a large number of Old Guarders. Many of them had gone to great extremes to prevent Eisenhower's victory. One of them, Henry Zweifel, a Texas GOP boss, had said: "I'd rather lose with Taft than win with Eisenhower." He did everything in his power to bring that about. Zweifel was the power behind the Texas swindle, probably the filthiest political trick in the history of the country. In Texas, delegates to the national convention are chosen at a state convention. The state convention delegates are chosen at county conventions, and the county delegates are chosen at precinct conventions. At the Texas Republican State Convention on May 26, 1952, at Mineral Wells, Zweifel simply refused to recognize county delegates who were pledged to Eisenhower. That was all there was to it. Even though Republicans and converted Democrats at the precinct level had chosen these delegates, their votes were nullified and, in several cases, party bosses marked new ballots. Where no Taft delegates had been elected, the bosses appointed them. Eisenhower delegates took their fight to the state convention floor, demanded that all the facts be made public and urged that the uncontested delegates vote to determine whether the legally elected Eisenhower delegates should be seated or the illegally ap-

pointed Taft delegates. Certainly there were some ethical men among the uncontested Taft delegates, but putting the matter up to them might have cost the party bosses the entire state convention. So the bosses announced that the contested delegates could vote, too. To nobody's surprise, the Taft forces won, and the state's thirty-eight delegates to the national convention went to the Senator. But Eisenhower supporters did not stop there. They took their fight to Chicago and demanded to be heard. So great a furor exploded in Chicago that the Republican Governors voted at their National Conference to have the problem resolved by the Fair Play amendment. This time, Eisenhower delegates won. Had they lost, General Eisenhower would probably have lost too, and the November election campaign would have been a waste of time. Issues would have been unimportant. The Democrats would only have had to explain to the country the crooked tactics by which Taft had been nominated and nobody with an ounce of brains would have voted for him.

Perhaps accusing Texas Republicans of chicanery is too sweeping a charge. Maybe they were just stupid. Everybody in the country knew that a Republican candidate could win the Presidency only with the votes of disgruntled Democrats, independents and first-voting young people who had not attached themselves to any party. Henry Zweifel himself urged Democrats to move over into the Republican column, but when the Democrats turned out to be for General Eisenhower, he called them "Republicans For A Day," and wanted no part of them. And when a new 21-year-old voter asked Marrs McLean, the elderly financial chairman of the Texas Republican faction, how he might join the GOP, McLean replied that he "didn't want him or anybody his age in the GOP."

So maybe the Texas GOP was just stupid.

There were, nevertheless, some party leaders for Eisenhower who didn't appear to be much brighter. For reasons I still don't understand, top professionals for Eisenhower had issued orders that we were not to say anything nasty about Senator Taft. We didn't have to get nasty; we just had to quote him, that was enough. However, time and again, efforts were made to shut me up. Well, that's not the way I play. Once at a dinner prior to a Massachusetts rally, the local party leader, a woman, came up to me and asked what I planned to talk about in my speech. I told her I would relate my experiences with General Eisenhower during the war, I would state his position on a few of the issues, and I would tell what I had observed about Senator Taft's antics in New Hampshire and those of his workers in other states.

"Oh," she said, fluttering, "don't say anything about Taft."

I looked at her. "What do you mean, don't say anything about Taft?" I said. "Are you trying to tell me what kind of a speech to give? You know, I can just enjoy this dinner and then go home. If I can't say what I please, I don't say anything."

She scurried across the room to Paul Hoffman, who was principal speaker at the rally, and told him what I had said. Paul said: "I don't tell Marty Snyder what to say in his speeches. He can say what he wants. He's a free man."

I ran into the same trouble during the Chicago convention. I had my jeep with me and drove around town talking on a loud-speaker in about the same way I had talked at rallies. After all, the fight was on, and if we were going to win the nomination for General Eisenhower this was no time to pull punches. They certainly weren't being pulled

by Taft's forces. But for inexplicable reasons my efforts did not sit well with the professionals. In the middle of the convention I received the following note from Tex McCrary, who was also hard at work in Chicago:

"Chum: The Panty-waist Set is filing complaints about some of your ad lib remarks from the sound truck.

"Most of it is of course a lot of crap, but they have hamstrung me in so many things, as you know, that I have learned to keep my guard up.

"Not because I'm scared of what they can do to me, but just so that I can keep them from knifing the things I think NEED to be done.

"I know how much you hate to be subtle—so do I. But as a suggestion, how about cheering FOR IKE as loud as you can, but pulling your punches a bit when you slam Taft.

"In advising this, I recall that I was the guy who tried to prove Taft is a liar.

"Tactically, that was wrong—not because Taft is a truthful man, but just because Tex McCrary wasn't the right guy to nail him.

"We are trying very hard—I am at least—to persuade the General to challenge Taft to debate, or at least to name him in some of his attacks on the Texas Steal.

"But now that HE is here, the Boss, let's not feed any ammunition to the guys who want him to soft pedal everything, by pointing to *our* excesses.

"This is too long already to make sense. Let's talk about it.

"You did a helluva fine job of handling the crowd at lunch today, before and after the General came in. Tex."

I had by now developed a great affection and respect for Tex, and if that was the way he wanted me to play it, I

was willing to. I couldn't understand, however, how truth could be subtle, but I was new in politics and I was learning a lot of things. The only way I could figure it was that several members of the Panty-waist Set were senators and congressmen. Senator Taft was the party leader in the Senate. If General Eisenhower won the nomination but lost the election, Senator Taft was still in the Senate to do business with, and he could have made things tough for them. Success on Capitol Hill, I discovered, depended greatly on reciprocal back-scratching: you-vote-for-my-bill-and-I'll-vote-for-yours. Taft, therefore, an influential man—as anyone would be in his position, had a lot of power over his opposition. I never thought this was such a hot setup.

Before the convention, I had gone to Chicago a couple of times to find workers for the Eisenhower headquarters. This was practically an impossibility. Chicago and Illinois were so strongly for Taft that I had to look among Democrats to find volunteers. This atmosphere convinced some of the Panty-waist Set that the General shouldn't go to the city during the convention. For that matter, Eisenhower himself wasn't too anxious to go to Chicago. He said he would accept the nomination if it was offered to him, but he wouldn't fight for it. He was willing to go into politics if enough people wanted him, but he refused to beg for the job. I couldn't understand that, but then I had not been exposed to as many politicians as he had.

Tex and I fought to get the General to Chicago. Eventually the professional hold-outs relented and he made the trip. This provided the opportunity for him to meet more delegates, which would be important when the voting began. The Citizens For Eisenhower gave a reception for the General and Mrs. Eisenhower to give delegates a chance to say hello. We expected a thousand people; five thousand

showed up. Many of them were delegates, and a few hours later they took their enthusiasm to the convention floor.

It was Eisenhower, all the way.

I half-expected Texas to secede from the Union.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Blood, Ballots and Bullies

I WENT BACK TO NEW YORK A HAPPY MAN, CONVINCED that General Eisenhower would be the next President of the country. Certainly there wasn't a Democrat in sight who could beat him; too many Democrats had already indicated they would vote for Eisenhower. I felt thrilled and triumphant. I also felt a little lost. For me, the battle was over. My job had been to talk to people about the General, but now he was home to talk for himself. I had come in handy in the task of introducing him personality-wise to primary voters, but the campaign ahead would be centered on the issues facing the country, and I couldn't see where I'd fit into that picture. There were men everywhere who would be running for office on the Eisenhower ticket; that would take care of campaigning on the local level. I could—and naturally would—urge my friends to vote for the General, but I could do that in a couple of days just before election day. But I wanted to do more. My brief adventure in politics had been fun. Most important, I had worked for the General, which was what I had wanted to do since the first time I'd met him, and this time the job had been to ease him into the White House—an old dream of mine. True, he wasn't in there yet; there was still work to be done, but it looked like it didn't include me. Well, I had a lot to remember. I had met a lot of wonderful people, as well as quite an assortment of goofballs. I had acquired a better knowledge of my government and a clearer picture of the

way it ought to be run. I had worked with some politicians who were truly statesmen and I could now look upon as friends several men and women whose names were household words. I had been taken to dinner by young Henry Ford, and shortly before the Chicago convention I had been a guest in the Delaware mansion of the du Ponts. These were memorable experiences for a guy who, before the war, had come no closer to a celebrity than the kitchen door of a couple of good hotels. But now it was all over, at least for me. My wife was relieved. Back in New York, I returned to my business and tried to settle down.

I didn't try too hard. Within a week or so, I found myself writing a letter to General Eisenhower in Denver, where he had gone for a rest. Word had come back to me that the professionals, clustering around the General in Denver, had decided to get rid of the Citizens For Eisenhower. The volunteers had done their job, said the professionals, the General had been nominated, so who needed the amateurs anymore? I thought this was a bad move, and I told the General so. I reminded him of Wendell Willkie's campaign. Independent voters and liberal Republicans had won the nomination for him, and then were tossed out by the Party bosses. Besides being ignored the amateurs were insulted, and when they saw that the Republican Party was going to remain as it always was, they didn't vote for Willkie the following November. The same thing could happen to Eisenhower; the Party bosses still weren't convinced that they couldn't elect a President. To get rid of the amateurs, GOP leaders complained that two active organizations—the Republican Party and the Citizens For Eisenhower—would only confuse the public, especially when it came to raising funds. Thus far the Citizens had raised almost all of the money and, I felt, could continue doing so. Pushing them

around now might not only threaten the treasury, but the entire campaign.

The decision was up to Eisenhower. I wrote him, Tex wrote him; Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Sherman Adams and Paul Hoffman went to him directly. At a Denver meeting, attended by state chairmen and members of the Party's national committee, the subject was discussed. Among such professionals were many who didn't like the idea that amateurs might have something to say about the campaign. Fortunately, General Eisenhower was wiser than his advisors. He decided that the Citizens For Eisenhower would remain active, not only because of their influence but primarily because they were the voters and he felt they should have something to say and do in the election of a President.

Eisenhower workers had learned an important lesson from the primaries: though he was the Republican candidate, there was no assurance that he would receive the support of Republican machines at the county level. Politicians die hard, especially Republicans, and everyone was aware of machines like the Texas group who would rather have lost with Taft than win with Eisenhower. Weird as it sounded, it was true. Therefore, instead of relying on local groups to handle details of future campaign rallies, it was decided to organize an Eisenhower bandwagon which would travel as a unit, ballyhooing the General's arrival into a town and getting crowds to attend rallies. Named to head the bandwagon were Arthur Gray Jr. and Langhorn Washburn, both of whom had been extremely active in the Citizens For Eisenhower movement, and, to my happy surprise, me. Appointed to work with us were Elizabeth Firestone, daughter of Harvey Firestone; Maryon Davies, a San Franciscan who had been a leader of Democrats For Eisen-

hower, and Betty Fahnstock Williams, an enthusiastic worker in Republican women's activities.

We became a smooth-operating group. The first to enter a new town were Elizabeth Firestone and Maryon Davies, who made arrangements for a parade which would meet General Eisenhower either at the airport and train station and escort him either to his hotel or the auditorium where he was scheduled to speak. The morning of the rally, our truck would arrive, carrying the 40-foot balloons we filled with helium and sent afloat, klieg lights for night rallies, buttons and banners, confetti, literature and my jeep. The rest of our group flew into town in time to have breakfast with local workers and plan methods of getting crowds to the rally. Maryon and Betty handled women's activities and hunted up six pretty girls to wear the I-Like-Ike dresses we had had made for use on a float during the parade. Arthur and Lang went to the newspaper and radio and TV stations to arrange coverage of Eisenhower's visit. I toured the town in my jeep, talking up the rally on the loud-speaker system, and I drove in the parade.

In all, we traveled some 50,000 miles, in practically every state from the Atlantic to the Near West. Because of the great distances further west, we were unable to keep up with the General's immediate party and so we awaited him in towns we could reach easily with all our equipment.

Though we were smooth-operating, we ran into a lot of trouble, in both Republican and Democratic cities. Ordinances which had been buried for years were suddenly dug up and enforced, to keep us from doing things we had planned. Most victimized were our barrage balloons. We weren't much surprised when we weren't permitted to use them in Cincinnati, Senator Taft's hometown, and we were prepared to be refused permission in a dozen Democratic cities. My jeep also came in for a lot of abuse. When there

was time, we obtained permits for city halls, but often we were moving so fast we just had to take our chances. In Kansas City, the police not only stopped me from using my sound equipment, but also said we couldn't distribute buttons and literature.

"Well," I said, "the Pendergast boys must know we're here."

"One more word out of you, buddy," the cop said, "and you're going to jail."

I didn't say another word.

The familiar complaints about our show-business gimmicks arose on all sides. Some people didn't like the idea of parades, and several papers attacked us for bringing our own confetti along. I certainly had no trouble distributing the confetti; people grabbed at it and loved throwing it around during the parade. It gave them a chance to let off steam and made them feel more a part of the celebration. There were criticisms, too, about the size of the crowds we were drawing, but it took only a little investigating to discover that all the reports were being distorted. The General's appeal was certainly obvious, even in Democratic territory. The 40,000 people who flocked to hear him in Baltimore were so unexpected that at the last minute we had to use two auditoriums, and the 35,000 who attended an afternoon rally in Richmond was the biggest political audience the city had ever seen.

Pathetically obvious were the politicians who, seeing the General's popularity, struggled to jump aboard his bandwagon. The Philadelphia mob was the funniest. I had taken my jeep to the railroad station shortly before Eisenhower was scheduled to arrive and in the crowd I recognized many of the local politicians who, four years before, had done so much to run me out of town. When the General came through the station, the boys rushed him, fighting to shake

his hand. Others rushed to the street to get into lead cars of the parade.

I picked up my mike and called: "Look out, General. In 1948, these guys wouldn't even admit you were alive. Look at 'em now—they're gonna get killed in the rush."

Eisenhower looked up at me, stunned for a moment, and then a big grin burst on his face. He nodded, agreeing.

"I hope there's room for you in the lead car," I said. "You'll have to throw out some of your new friends, first."

The crowd was laughing. General Eisenhower waved at me and went on his way.

Two men who worried me were Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin and Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana. From their actions, they were clearly opposed to everything General Eisenhower favored. Furthermore, the liberals and independents, the people who I knew would actually elect Eisenhower, had no use at all for the two senators. Every chance I had, I advised Eisenhower against going into Wisconsin and I begged him to avoid Senator Jenner in Indiana. He didn't need these men; they needed him, but any association with them would certainly reflect against him. However, certain of the brass in the campaign party felt differently, and there was nothing I could do about it.

The day of the Indianapolis rally, a reporter asked Jenner if he saw eye-to-eye with Eisenhower. "I think so," Jenner said. "He says we have no foreign policy. I agree with that." That was all he agreed with, but when the campaign train pulled into the city, Jenner scrambled aboard and threw his arms around General Eisenhower at the very moment the newspaper photographers began to click away.

McCarthy practically met us at the Wisconsin border. It seemed impossible to have a picture taken anywhere in Wisconsin without finding the senator lurking somewhere

in the vicinity. At the Milwaukee rally, he was so anxious to let the public observe his support of Eisenhower that he fought his way to the rostrum and, to shake hands with the General, almost knocked over a pitcher of water on him. Eisenhower took it all with his usual graciousness, but I was not impressed.

Nor was I much impressed by Senator William Knowland of California. I had learned that he was one of the men who urged that the Citizens For Eisenhower be disbanded, and this did not sit well with me. Knowland boarded the campaign train from time to time. He was always cold and aloof, as if he was bored by the whole thing, and his attitude toward us enthusiastic amateurs was one of patronizing amusement. It occurred to me that if he were working for the General's election, he certainly wasn't trying very hard.

Knowland was also among the first to urge that Eisenhower drop Richard Nixon as the Vice President candidate when the smear campaign erupted against him. Like others of the Panty-waist Set, Knowland was so afraid that Nixon couldn't explain the source of his income that he didn't want to take any chances. Throwing Nixon out would have meant that another candidate would have to be chosen. Certain Party leaders thought that, to appease the Republican right-wingers, a man like Knowland should be named. If anything, Knowland was a right-winger, nowhere near the middle-of-the-road program which was winning so many converts to the Eisenhower camp.

But Eisenhower refused to get rid of Nixon. He was stunned by the smear, of course, and realized what it could do to his campaign. But rather than throw Nixon out coldly, the General wanted to give him a chance. In a telephone conversation with him, Eisenhower said: "I want you to prepare an answer to these charges and take it directly to

the people of this country. They have a right to know the truth. And I have only one thing to say, Dick: you'd better come out of this as clean as a hound's tooth."

We were in Cleveland the night Senator Nixon gave his explanation over radio and television to what was probably the largest audience ever to listen to a speech. We delayed our rally in order to hear it. All of us gathered in a small room at the back of the Cleveland auditorium and watched Nixon on television. When Nixon finished, General Eisenhower stood up and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. I looked at him closely. His eyes were misty, his face thoughtfully sober.

"I'm satisfied," he said, at last. "I want him to stay."

Before going into the rally, the General sent Nixon a long telegram, assuring him that he had fully explained himself, that he was certainly clear of the charges against him and that he—Eisenhower—would be proud to have him continue on the Republican ticket. But something went wrong, and only part of the telegram was received by Senator Nixon at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. The telegram that reached him struck him as cool and guarded, and he felt that General Eisenhower had not been completely convinced. Deeply hurt, he announced to those around him that, under the circumstances, there was nothing for him to do but withdraw from the campaign. To avoid reporters, he went into hiding in another part of the hotel and prepared his withdrawal statement. News of his decision raced to Cleveland. We were all stunned. Every effort was made to locate him to assure him that Eisenhower still wanted him. It was not until hours later, when he was on his way to see the reporters, that he received the correct telegram, with added word from Eisenhower that he was not to quit.

Between rallies, I returned to New York to check on my

business and to assure my wife, however briefly, that she still had a husband. On free evenings, we went to Chandler's Restaurant for dinner and a few drinks with Barry Gray, the radio commentator who had become a close friend of ours. Barry's unusual program, broadcast from Chandler's at the time, was on the air from midnight until three in the morning. It was somewhat of a soap-box and Barry welcomed anybody who had anything to say. Thousands of New Yorkers sat up half the night to listen to the discussions, which often erupted into heated arguments. Barry had first asked me on his show long before, during my initial efforts for General Eisenhower. Though Barry was a Democrat, he gave everybody a chance to blow off steam. Whenever I was in town during the campaign, he'd invite me to give progress reports on the Eisenhower tour of the country. Occasionally we'd get started on the issues and end up shouting at each other, but this has happened often with many people on Barry's show and has been one of its main attractions.

One night as Marge and I entered the restaurant, I saw Senator Wayne Morse, then the Republican senator for Oregon, at the rostrum with Barry. Morse had already announced his support of Adlai Stevenson, and it was only a question of time before he bolted the Republican Party to become, he claimed, an independent. Marge and I sat down and listened to the Senator criticize General Eisenhower, and his principal complaint seemed to be that Eisenhower was a military man. Morse asserted that military men had never made good Presidents.

When he finished, Barry said: "I see that Marty Snyder has just come in. Marty is working on the Eisenhower bandwagon. Marty, would you like to make a statement?"

I went up to the microphone and said: "Barry, I have

only one question. I'd like to know when Senator Morse discovered that military men don't make good Presidents. I have an article at home from Collier's Magazine, the issue of November 3, 1951, in which Senator Morse is quoted as saying that General Eisenhower—quote—offers our greatest hopes for effective leadership in the critical years ahead —unquote. Senator, didn't you know when you said that that Dwight Eisenhower was a military man? You must have; what made you change your mind? Didn't you know what you were talking about then, or don't you know now? And didn't you campaign for Eisenhower in the Oregon primary this year? Or have you forgotten so soon?"

Barry asked Senator Morse if he'd like to answer my questions, but the Senator said he had already expressed himself on the subject and had nothing more to say.

Meanwhile, I continued to run into trouble on the campaign tour. I had no idea that so many cities had laws against sound trucks, laws that were ignored when Democrats passed through town but were suddenly put into effect when I showed up. In one town, I was allowed to use the loud-speaker only when I parked in the middle of a huge vacant lot, and isolated, I had nobody to talk to but myself.

On October 23, we arrived in Buffalo for a rally. As usual, I met the Eisenhower party at the train station and took my position in the parade to the hotel. We were approaching the main part of town when two motorcycle cops closed in on me. One of them hollered: "Come on, pull over."

"Pull over?" I said. "I'm in the parade!"

He rode alongside the jeep. "No you're not," he said. "Pull over."

The second cop cut in front of me and I almost ran into

him. I leaned out of the jeep to show the first policeman my identification badge. "There, see?" I said. "I'm an official member of the Eisenhower campaign party."

"That badge doesn't mean anything," he said. "Stop this jeep."

We were nearing the hotel. I decided I'd stop when I got there. As I rounded the corner to pull to the curb, the two policemen sped away. I saw a police lieutenant in front of the hotel and told him what had happened. He said he would straighten the two officers out and assured me I wouldn't have any more trouble.

The rest of the day I was busy preparing for the night parade. Immediately before it, I drove along the route from the hotel to the auditorium and passed out flares to the waiting people so that they would have something to wave as the General passed. Then I returned to the hotel and accompanied the parade to the rally. After Eisenhower and his party entered the auditorium, I headed for a parking lot about two blocks away where Arthur Gray and Langhorn Washburn were waiting for me. They were at our big truck, ready to pack the jeep aboard and send it to Detroit, our next stop. We were to follow by plane. I pulled up opposite the parking lot and waited for the traffic to pass so I could cross over. At that moment, the same two motorcycle cops appeared.

"Get moving," one of them called.

The other said: "Get that jeep off the street."

"That's what I intend to do, Officer," I said. "As soon as I get into the parking lot."

"No you don't," said the first cop. "Keep moving."

"I can't," I said. "I have to go into that parking lot."

One of the cops got off his motorcycle and came towards me. I was afraid of trouble, so I clicked on the loud-

speaker, grabbed the mike, and called: "Arthur Gray! This is Marty. I'm having trouble with the police. Get over here."

As I did this, both policemen came to me. "Let's get him out of that jeep," one of them said.

I called to Arthur again. The cops reached for me and tried to pull me out of the jeep. I resisted them. At this point, one of them hit me in the mouth. I tasted the blood in my mouth and I got fighting mad. But I knew this was exactly what the cops wanted and I refused to let myself hit back. I kept hollering into the mike. The cops hit me again and dragged me out of the jeep. They took out their night-sticks and beat me on the head and on the shoulders. I ducked to protect myself and continued calling for Arthur and Lang. All I could see was the Stevenson button on one of the cop's lapel. By now a big crowd had gathered, but nobody did anything to stop the police from pounding me. Arthur and Lang came running and tried to pull the policemen off me, but the cops turned around and started hitting them. Other police arrived, and when there were enough of them, the fight stopped. I was handcuffed and taken to police headquarters.

When I got there, my face was caked with blood and I was in great pain. I was also boiling mad and I could scarcely control myself enough to talk, but I struggled to be careful that I wouldn't say or do anything that would reflect against General Eisenhower. At headquarters, one of the cops that beat me up said: "Why don't you mind your own business?"

When I refused to answer, he hit me again and my bleeding started all over again. Another cop took me to a washroom to clean up, and when I had forced myself to calm down, I told him: "I'm an American citizen and I know

my rights. The police can arrest me if they think I've done something wrong, but they can't beat me up."

"Who hit you?" he said. "Nobody hit you."

"Then how did I get like this?" I asked. "Walking against the wind?"

I was booked for creating a disturbance, refusing to obey the reasonable request of an officer and using profane language. Arthur and Lang were charged with creating a disturbance. We put up our bail and rushed to the airport to catch a plane for Detroit. Arthur called Harold B. Ehrlich, a lawyer who had been chairman of the rally, to appear in court for us the next day so that we wouldn't lose our bail.

Buffalo papers carried the story the next day and quoted the police as saying that I wasn't a member of the Eisenhower bandwagon and had no right to be doing what I was. In Detroit, General Eisenhower sent for me. He was very much upset that I had been hurt, and when I told him the details he was boiling mad. I knew that wouldn't do anybody any good, so I tried to joke about it. I said: "I've always said I'd be willing to spill blood for you, General, but I didn't necessarily mean my own."

I tried to smile, but my face pained too much. Eisenhower put an arm around me and said: "This is a sample of the viciousness of politics. I can't tell you how sorry I am it happened, Marty. There's nothing I can do but thank you; I know you did it because of me."

"That's all right, General," I said. "I just hope we don't run into many more towns like Buffalo."

Later that day, Buffalo Police Commissioner Michael C. Noeppel telephoned Arthur and apologized to us all for what had happened. When Detroit reporters interviewed me about the incident, I told them of the apology. "That settles the whole thing as far as I'm concerned," I said,

"and I want to forget about it." Next day, Noeppel told Buffalo reporters that he hadn't apologized at all.

A week later, a trial was held before Judge Michael E. Zimmer. Harold Ehrlich represented Arthur, Lang and myself. We had discussed the case with lawyers and it was decided, to avoid further trouble, that I plead guilty to using a loud-speaker without a permit and that we three apologize to the cops. The apology was a laugh, but I was willing to do anything to close the issue. Judge Zimmer pointed out that I hadn't been charged with not having a permit, but Ehrlich suggested the court accept the offer and let it go at that. The Judge didn't know what to do, so he consulted with Assistant Corporation Counsel Clarence S. Wertheimer, who didn't know what to do. He, in turn, consulted with Corporation Counsel Fred C. Maloney, who suggested that the court take a week to think the offer over. But Ehrlich didn't want the postponement and asked the court to accept the offer immediately. "These men," Ehrlich said, "were exuberant and excited in the campaign."

"I'll say they were exuberant," said Judge Zimmer, a Democrat, "and they were backing a great man, but that's no excuse for pushing anybody around."

In the end, charges against Arthur and Lang were dropped and I was fined fifty dollars for not having the permit, a crime I hadn't been accused of.

Weeks later, an artist friend of mine drew a cartoon map of the campaign tour, depicting various things that had happened to me. I had copies made and I gave the original to General Eisenhower, and it hangs now in the corridor opposite his White House office. At first glance he recognized immediately what it was and he quickly asked:

"Where's Buffalo?"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Mr. President

DURING THE CAMPAIGN, GENERAL EISENHOWER HAD said to Arthur, Lang and me: "I can always tell when I'm coming into a town where I'm supposed to make a speech. I just look at the sky, see the barrage balloons, and I know that you boys are there."

"With the significant exception of some Democrat cities," Arthur said.

"And a few Taft towns," I put in.

The General laughed. "Do me a favor sometime," he said. "Some day send up seven balloons."

"Why seven?" Lang asked.

"Seven is my lucky number," he said. "Send up seven in some city where you think we might need good luck."

We took no chances. Despite highly encouraging rallies almost everywhere we went, we felt we could use good luck in every town, but we were never able to get up seven balloons all at once. Either something went wrong with our helium equipment or we were fresh out of balloons, or we couldn't get permission to send that many balloons aloft. As the campaign drew to a close, we got desperate. Before we knew it, it was Election Eve, with the final rally slated for Boston. It was a case of now or never. When the bandwagon headed for Boston, we took along extras of everything, just to play safe. Early Monday morning, we were busy in the square opposite the Copley Plaza Hotel, where

Eisenhower headquarters were located. We worked carefully and cautiously for four hours. Finally we were able to move back and look up triumphantly: there they were, all seven of them.

The Eisenhower party arrived from New York by train, and when the motorcade started through downtown Boston, I ignored the regular line-up and kept my jeep close to the General's lead car. I was just a few feet away from him when the parade rounded the corner into the square. I saw the General glance up. Then he threw back his head and laughed and, turning to me, pointed at the seven balloons. I could see what a big kick he was getting out of the stunt and all I could do was grin back at him. That night we topped ourselves. We had one of the balloons in the Boston Garden, flying high, with a huge "7" on it. Knowing this was the last rally made me think back and remember the fun we had had in New Orleans with Jim McKillips, now assistant to Leonard Hall, as we sipped sazaracs while we blew up the balloons on his father-in-law's lawn, and in St. Louis, where, at the home of Larry Ross, chairman of the Missouri Citizens For Eisenhower, we switched to bourbons for the same job.

Boston on Election Eve was Eisenhower's town. Crowds jammed the streets as the motorcade moved to the hotel, and that night the Garden was packed. A nationwide television broadcast was to follow the rally and because of the mobs that blocked the official exits from the Garden we had to speed to reach the studio on time. It was the last broadcast of the campaign. Naturally, everybody wanted to be on it to urge the country to vote for Eisenhower. Rather than risk slighting anyone, Al Hollander, who was in charge of programing, decided that only the principals would appear. The plan was to have General and Mrs. Eisenhower

and Senator and Mrs. Nixon appear, sitting on a divan, and let them discuss the campaign and the issues. At the last minute, Al Hollander told me: "Marty, I want you on the show, too. Have a Victory Cake made and present it to Eisenhower near the end of the program. I'll give you a minute to make the presentation. You can say a few words, if you like."

Having the cake made was the first problem. It was rich angel food, in two tiers, three feet square and two feet high. It was decorated with roses and seven candles. On it was written: "Here's To Victory." I decided to add a little touch of my own by wearing a chef's hat.

But the speech was the main worry. I wrote what I thought would take a minute to say and I rehearsed it all day long. To play safe, I made a few notes on a small card, which I clutched in my right hand as I waited on the sidelines for the cue to push the tea wagon on the set.

The cue came. I entered the set and saw the Eisenhowers and the Nixons, sitting on the divan and looking at me. I knew the cameras were on me and I realized that millions of people were watching, most important my wife Marge back in New York. I felt my vocal chords tighten in my throat, but I tried to smile. I was paralyzed with fear and, for some strange reason, I was holding my breath. I saw Al Hollander on the sidelines, waving me forward. I proceeded to the divan.

Then General Eisenhower did an unexpected and unrehearsed thing. He got up from the divan and came towards me. Reaching me, he took my right hand, locking in his firm grip the card of notes I knew now I would need desperately. He smiled at me, waiting. The speech flew completely out of my mind. Panicked, I wanted to yank my hand from his and look at my notes, but there was no

strength in my arm. Off-camera, Al Hollander bent in anguish. Suddenly I heard my voice saying:

"On behalf of all the volunteer workers and Chairman Walter Williams of the Citizens For Eisenhower and on behalf of Mrs. Mary Lord and Paul Hoffman, who led us in our work, I want to present this Victory Cake to you. And I want you to know that we are all proud and happy to have been able to work for you and with you. I am confident that the people feel the same way I do, and that you will be elected President tomorrow."

Eisenhower grinned and, again unexpected and unrehearsed, said: "Well, Marty, you've been a good soldier. You've stuck with me from the beginning to the end."

I mumbled something about considering it a privilege and then I backed off with the cake.

I took the cake along on the campaign train returning to New York. The Nixons had flown to California to vote the next day. Everybody else was jammed into the lounge car of the train. At first I thought the entire crowd from the Boston Gardens rally had come aboard. As I entered the car, the roar of excited chatter hit me like an avalanche. A divan had been set up in the middle of the car for General and Mrs. Eisenhower; they were surrounded by a solid wall of people and it was impossible to get near them. At one end of the car was a bar, loaded with sandwiches, highballs and the cake. I tried to work my way to it, but my path was blocked by the crowd. Every step forward plunged me into another group, and in a few moments I found myself engaged in half a dozen conversations simultaneously. The topic was always the same; the election. We would win, of course, but by how big a majority? What would be the electoral count? What about the popular vote? Could we possibly take Illinois right from under Stevenson? What time would it all be over? How soon would we know?

Suddenly someone remembered the Victory Cake and brought it from the bar and placed it in front of Eisenhower. A big cheer went up as he cut it, and the cheer grew to a roar when he handed the first piece to Mrs. Eisenhower. Arthur Gray then produced a bundle of "gag" front-pages he had had printed in Boston. The papers were bannered with: MAMIE WINS BY A LANDSLIDE.

We were all too excited to think of sleep and I could see that the party was going to last all night. The car was a blur of faces; we were loud and boisterous and happy. At one point, Robert Cutler, a sedate Boston banker, Bernard M. Shanley, a distinguished New Jersey lawyer, and James C. Hagerty, formerly Governor Thomas E. Dewey's press secretary, rolled up their pants legs and, lining up like chorus girls, sang a political parody and danced. Today Cutler, after two years as head of the National Security Council, is back in Boston; Shanley is Eisenhower's appointment secretary and Hagerty is the White House press secretary. When I see them these days, all so serious and subdued, I think of the night in the club car and I am relieved to know that the men now burdened with important Government positions have enough human deviltry in them to cut up like college kids when the occasion warrants.

The Eisenhowers were, naturally, the center of attraction. Everybody struggled to be near them and wish them luck. When I reached Eisenhower, he asked: "Going back to your boneless-turkey business, Marty, now that the campaign is over?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got a lot of those turkeys waiting to be sold."

He laughed and said: "They should be hams, after your television debut tonight. That was quite a performance. You ought to become an actor."

Twice during the party Eisenhower left the lounge and

went forward to the press car where the reporters were having a party of their own. Occasionally, early in the campaign tour, some reporters complained that Eisenhower had made himself too inaccessible. Those of us near him knew that he was making a definite point of this. It was part of his policy of being impartial with reporters and commentators, and if he kept himself remote from some of them it was only because he didn't want to put himself in the position of being accused of playing favorites with any of them, even those whose support he knew could sway votes his direction. But now that the campaign was over, the reporters became ordinary men to him and he went to their car to see that they were being taken care of. Many times during my years with Eisenhower I had seen him handle situations in the same way—aloof with people when he felt he must in order to uphold a decision or principle, and then warm and concerned when the circumstances had changed and he could be himself. When I watched him return from the press car, where we both knew there were some men who were openly antagonistic towards him, I looked upon Eisenhower with a great deal more admiration.

I could see that he was very tired. Mrs. Eisenhower noticed it, too. As people approached the divan, she quickly engaged them in conversation so that Eisenhower would have to talk less and could relax a little. Certainly he had worked harder and longer than the rest of us, and he should have been exhausted. The excitement of the lounge car would have irritated a man of less self-control. Yet, though his eyes looked tired, his smile was typically bright. He talked easily and eagerly to everyone; over and over he thanked people for their help in the campaign. He seemed to refuse to feel tired, just as, in Europe, I had often seen

him refuse to quit work on combat plans, even though he had gone twenty-four hours without sleep and his staff was ready to drop. I was wondering what to do about calming down the club car party when Mrs. Eisenhower got up from the divan and went over to Fred Waring who, with his singers, had appeared at the Boston rally. She asked: "Why don't we all sing some songs?"

Fred stepped to the middle of the car. He had to shout several times to get everybody's attention, then he said: "Since most of you have been living on this train for the past three months, why don't we all sing *I've Been Working On the Railroad?*"

There was a laugh, and when Fred gave us the downbeat we all began to sing. We followed this with *K-K-K-Katie,* only we sang it M-M-M-Mamie. Eisenhower suggested: "How about *Home On the Range?*" A request from the new President put muscles in our voices and we all shouted our heads off. Then Mrs. Eisenhower said: "I like *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.*" This was a difficult one to shout and our voices began to mellow.

Fred said: "After the long campaign trip, you must all be homesick. Let's try *There's No Place Like Home.* And watch my hands so we all stay together." Fred's expressive hands not only kept us together, they kept us quiet. On and on we went, from song to song, and soon we were all calm and relaxed. At two o'clock, after a premature *It's Three O'Clock In the Morning,* the Eisenhowers excused themselves and went to bed. The rest of us sat around for another hour, discussing the campaign again, forecasting returns, bolstering each other's convictions that we would surely win.

It was almost three when I finally went to bed, but I could not sleep. I knew the campaign was over and I real-

ized I would miss the fun of it. Like all Citizens For Eisenhower, I had volunteered my services and paid my own expenses, and I thought of what a mess my business would be in when I returned to it after a three-month absence, but I didn't care about that. All I cared about was that I had worked for Eisenhower: civilian life had given the sergeant a chance to do something special for the general. Undoubtedly, the campaign was the most important thing that had ever happened to me. I had learned a lot from it; I had observed politics at work at the top level, and though I hadn't liked everything I saw nevertheless I gained a new respect for the type of government we have. I learned how important a single voter can be and I saw how hard men will work to get that vote. Actually that was all I was myself—a single voter, but because I wanted to work for the man I believed in I had found myself side by side with men who make the nation's headlines. What pleased me most was the fact that the man who had been my commanding officer during the war and the leading general of the Allied Forces and now most likely the next President of the United States had become a close and personal friend.

I was still lying awake, thinking, when the train pulled into Grand Central Station. I dressed and left the train; the Eisenhowers had already departed. Marge was waiting for me with Ebony, our French poodle. Ebony greeted me with barks that echoed through the empty station, and Marge said: "What happened to you on television last night? All I saw was the back of your head."

I laughed: my stage-fright during the broadcast had all been in vain; nobody saw my face. Marge had asked me to bring her a piece of the Victory Cake. I had it in my pocket, carefully wrapped and not as damaged as I thought it might be. I gave it to her, we went to our car and went home.

As soon as we had breakfast and I had time to change clothes and freshen up, Marge and I went out to vote. The rest of the day was a haze of nervous restlessness. I went around to several polling places to watch people go in and vote and I stood on street corners with Eisenhower workers and chatted. Later I went to the office where Marge was working as a dress designer. She had taken the Victory Cake with her and shared it with her staff, telling them: "Enjoy this. It was cut by the next President." She saved the pink rose decoration and we still have it in our freezer.

In the afternoon, I went back to the apartment with the hope of getting some sleep and I found the following telegram waiting for me:

> I SUPPOSE SOMETIMES YOU MAY HAVE THOUGHT THAT I HAVE OVERLOOKED THE REALLY EFFECTIVE HELP YOU HAVE BEEN TO ME PERSONALLY THROUGHOUT THIS CAMPAIGN. I WANT YOU TO KNOW ON THE EVE OF THIS ELECTION THAT NO MATTER HOW IT COMES OUT I FEEL WE HAVE DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO BRING OUR CRUSADE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. I CANNOT ADEQUATELY THANK YOU. PLEASE ACCEPT THIS AS A TOKEN OF MY SINCERE GRATITUDE. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

The genuine warmth of the telegram and the thoughtfulness of it at such a busy hour touched me so deeply that the idea of sleep fled from my mind. I turned on both the radio and television set and spent the afternoon following election news. When Marge came home at five, we dressed and went to the Commodore Hotel to have dinner.

The East Ballroom, reserved for campaign workers and special guests, looked like *Who's Who*, come alive. Movie stars, leading Republicans, important businessmen and

prominent socialites jammed the room. The usual social graces had been left at the door; we were celebrating a victory and we started early. A passageway led to the Main Ballroom where a huge crowd watched the tabulation of election returns. Everyone wandered back and forth between the two rooms. It was about ten o'clock when we heard that Eisenhower was coming down from his sixth floor suite to say hello, and when he entered the ballroom a few minutes later everybody went wild. He held up his arms to quiet us and then he said:

"I may be back here later tonight with something different to say, but I've come down now to thank you for your support. I had a very wise old commander one time. He was my teacher and my friend. He had a great expression that he used a great deal. It was this, 'Always take your job seriously; never yourself.' All of us here have undertaken a job together, each in his own sphere, each trying to do his part. The personal victory is important, but it is not the crux of the matter. What I wanted to say is this: the job we have is America, to try to produce a better America for the coming years."

We were all still cheering when he left to go to the Main Ballroom. We were convinced now that victory was merely a matter of minutes. When Marge and I felt that Eisenhower had returned to his suite, we decided to go upstairs and pay our respects. We found the suite as crowded and noisy as the ballrooms. Secret Service men were everywhere, ready to take over the job of protecting the President, should Eisenhower be elected; I presumed similar men were at the Stevenson headquarters in Illinois. They stood quietly and soberly along the walls and in the corridors and seemed completely out of place amid all the fury.

The Eisenhower family and a few friends were in a

separate room, watching television. Irene Dunne was sitting on the floor in front of the set. Robert Montgomery was chatting with Rosalind Russell. Milton Eisenhower was standing close to the General.

When Mrs. Elivera Doud, Mamie's mother, saw me, she gave me a hug and said: "Isn't it wonderful, Marty? The first returns are so good."

"And they'll get better; watch," I said.

"When is Stevenson going to concede?" she asked. "When do you think he'll give up?"

"Soon, I hope," I said. "I don't think I can stand this much longer."

Earl Wilson, the columnist, stepped to Marge. "You're a dress designer," he said. "Tell me exactly what Mamie has on."

"Black chantilly lace over pink, with black taffeta roses," Marge said, "and a modestly low neckline." Wilson took the words down carefully and used them verbatim in his story.

Eisenhower was engrossed in the television set and rarely took his eyes from it. When at last he did look up and see me, he nodded hello. I waved to him and shouted good luck, but his attention was back at the set and I knew from experience that when he was concentrating so thoroughly on anything he was unaware of whatever else might be going on. The suite was growing more crowded every minute and I felt that Marge and I ought to make room for others who wanted to get in, so we went back to the East Ballroom. We were there when, about two hours later, word came that Stevenson had conceded. I knew Eisenhower would shortly appear in the Main Ballroom to make a statement; I grabbed Marge's hand and said: "Come on."

We rushed through the passageway and up the stairs

which led to the balcony of the Main Ballroom, and it was from this vantage point that we watched Eisenhower arrive, surrounded by Secret Service men, and go to the platform. For five minutes, it was impossible for him to silence the 1500 workers and make his statement, but at last he was able to say:

"May I ask your attention one moment. I am not certain, my friends, whether or not you have read or heard the telegram that Mr. Stevenson just sent me. It reads:

" 'The people have made their choice and I congratulate you. That you may be a servant and guardian of peace and make the door of trouble a door of hope is my earnest prayer. Adlai Stevenson.'

"Just as I came down to the ballroom I replied to the telegram as follows:

" 'I thank you for your courteous and generous message. Recognizing the intensity of the difficulties that lie ahead, it is clearly necessary that men and women of good will of both parties forget the political strife through which they have passed and devote themselves to the single purpose of a better future. This I believe they will do.'

"Signed with my name.

"Now, my friends, it is trite to say that this is a day of dedication rather than of triumph. But I am indeed humble as I am proud of the decision that the American people have made. And I recognize clearly the weight of the responsibility you have placed upon me, and I assure you that I shall never in my service in Washington give short measure to those responsibilities.

"To each of you here who has worked so hard to make this crusade a success thus far, to every man, woman and child—and there have been many children in it, throughout the country who have helped—I extend my warm thanks

and hopes that the day will come when I can extend that thanks in a more personal way.

"Now, all over the country there is still a more personal word of appreciation. The courtesy, the warmth of the greetings that Mamie and I have experienced everywhere has been something that is memorable, indeed unforgettable.

"So, to everybody this evening, we feel this very great debt of gratitude.

"And I also point out that we cannot now do all the job ahead of us except as united people. And so let us really put into practice what I have tried to say so haltingly in the little telegram I have sent my late rival.

"Let us unite for the better future of America, for our children and our grandchildren.

"And now, my friends, it has been a long and sometimes hard road, but it's been great to meet you people, to work with you, all of us, for a common cause.

"Good night."

The crowd roared again. Eisenhower left the platform and, from the direction he was walking, I realized he was going to use the passageway to go to the East Ballroom to speak to the workers and special guests. I hurried to the foot of the steps where I knew he would pass.

He approached. He saw me. A big grin illuminated his face, and I saw in his eyes the sudden realization of the very important thing that had just happened to him. He broke through the circle of Secret Service men, his hand extended to me. I took it and said: "Congratulations, Mr. President."

"Thank you," he said, and put his left hand on my shoulder. All the pride and happiness, all the nearness I felt to this man, welled up in me, and I stepped forward and

kissed him on the cheek. He laughed. He saw Marge standing behind me and reached out to her. She took his hand and squeezed it. Then he moved back and said: "Well, Marty, we've come a long way, haven't we?"

We had.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

MY DREAM HAD COME TRUE. I SUPPOSE THERE ARE many people who can say that about themselves, but certainly there aren't many who had a dream like mine. It had been, as the General said, a long way, and in many ways it was incredible. It would be foolhardy to claim that I made Dwight D. Eisenhower the President of the United States, but I like to think that I had something to do with it. I know the idea first occurred to me at a time when the chances of its fulfillment couldn't have been more remote, and I clearly remember that I was a mighty lonely man in Philadelphia in 1948 when I tried to convince both parties that General Eisenhower was the best candidate available.

It takes a large and well organized unit to get a man elected, and General Eisenhower had that. When the time came for work, everyone pitched in. I just wish they had started pitching a little sooner. Senator James H. Duff, with whom I had shared speakers' platforms, said: "January 20, 1953, was a day to remember for you and a lot of other people who had faith and courage in the man who is now our President." And Walter Williams and Stanley M. Rumbough, leaders of Citizens For Eisenhower, wrote: "You did a wonderful job, Marty, and no one could ever appreciate its full magnitude." Such comments mean a lot, but sometimes I wonder if people really understand why I

worked so hard and so long. There was nothing I wanted for myself and nothing I have accepted.

I did what I could to place at the head of this government the finest individual I have ever met. Political issues are vital in a Presidential campaign, but I didn't wait to discover how General Eisenhower felt about specific problems of the day before going to work for him. I knew him to be an honest, sincere, brilliant man, capable of any job put to him. I felt that, whatever the issue, he would make his decisions wisely, to the best interest of the most people. His personal charm, of course, greatly influenced my attitudes toward him, and I was lucky enough to be exposed to it long before most of the workers who were among the inner circle of his campaign party. He charmed them too, naturally, and they worked hard for him. Most of them were in some way already connected with politics. In working for him, they pinned their careers on the outcome of the campaign. Had he lost, the defeat might have cost their jobs, or at least they would have lost face in political circles. His victory was, therefore, their victory.

After his election, General Eisenhower went to Korea, as he had said he would. Democrats belittled the idea as a political gambit. I don't know who thought of the idea, except that it came up in a campaign speech, but he grabbed at it, and the decision to go was his own. He was certainly the best qualified man in the country to give advice on the Korean situation. Even if he had lost the campaign, it would have been a great mistake to exclude him from the Korean discussions. The fact remains that within a few months the immediate problem was resolved.

I went back to work. Letters and telegrams came from all over the country, and acknowledging them kept me busy. Once a week I went to the offices which General

Eisenhower continued to maintain at the Commodore Hotel. It was as busy as it had been before the election. There was the cabinet to choose, departmental appointments to make, and there was the usual parade of jobseekers. All work was under the direction of Sherman Adams, destined to become the head of the White House staff. My visits gave me the opportunity to chat with Adams occasionally. When General Eisenhower returned from Korea, I made no attempts to see him because I knew he was busy enough. However, one day he saw me in the corridor and called me into his office.

"Mamie and I have been wondering what's happened to you," he said. "Why don't you bring Marge up to the house, where it's quiet?"

Marge and I went to Morningside Heights the following Sunday and had a pleasant visit with the family. Mrs. Eisenhower mentioned all the packing she had to do. "At least this time," she said, "I know I'll be in the next place four years. That's something I've never been able to say before. I've spent my entire married life packing and unpacking. Boxes are still arriving from Europe which I haven't bothered to open because I didn't know how long we'd be here."

On December 20, I received a letter from the Commodore Hotel headquarters, stating that General Eisenhower had expressed special interest in having Marge and me attend his Inauguration; could we make it? Did anybody think I could be kept away? The next day, we received a note from Mrs. Eisenhower, asking us to stop in on Christmas Day. This was our third Christmas with the Eisenhowers since the war. As usual, we brought presents for the General's grandchildren. The number of guests was larger than it had ever been and at times the living room was actually packed.

At one point, I got the General aside and asked: "Have you bought your top hat yet for the Inauguration?"

He looked at me askance. "I'm not going to wear one of those things," he said.

"What are you going to wear?"

"A Homburg will be good enough."

"But Presidents always wear top hats at Inaugurations," I said.

He grinned at me. "Well, it's time for a change," he said.

Formal invitations arrived a week later for the Inauguration, the ball, the Governor's Reception, and a half dozen different organization parties. Out I scooted to get myself a white-tie outfit for the ball, striped pants for the receptions, and I went to Tripler's to get a black Homburg. When I told the clerk why I wanted the Homburg, he said: "Oh, but you'll have to have a top hat for the Inauguration."

"If a Homburg is good enough for President Eisenhower, it's good enough for me," I said.

And that started a run on Homburgs across the country.

On Saturday, January 17, Marge and I drove down to Washington and checked into the Roger Smith Hotel, the closest we could get to the White House. I went around to Inauguration headquarters which was in a pre-fab building at 1420 Pennsylvania Avenue. Ticket arrangements were a mess. Those in charge had discovered, at that late date, that they had underestimated the number of people who wanted to attend all the functions and realized that there would have to be two Inauguration receptions and two theatres to house the Festival of Stars. At the last minute, officials were scurrying around town to find a second auditorium and a second theatre, and then the protocol problem arose as to which people should attend which reception and which theatrical performance. President Ei-

senhower eased the predicament by quickly volunteering to attend as many receptions and performances as necessary. This confusion continued throughout the celebrations.

Saturday night, the campaign bandwagon committee held a reunion at the home of Betty Fahnstock, and it was great to see the whole gang again. It was like all reunions an occasion for hilarious reminiscence. We forgot the rough spots and remembered the laughs, and we decided to meet once a year to commemorate the job we had done. Sunday afternoon, Republican governors held a reception at the Statler Hotel. The large ballroom was divided into booths, with a display for each state. As Marge and I toured the room, we were welcomed boisterously at each booth by governors and other state officials. Marge was impressed by the greetings, and she began to feel that maybe she hadn't married just a cook after all. Monday afternoon was the Citizens For Eisenhower reception, another occasion for joyous reunions. I was surprised to discover how many people had followed the campaign so closely that they knew the details of all that had happened to me.

We hurried from one party to another. At one point, Vice President Nixon stopped me and asked: "Where's the cake, Marty? How can we celebrate anything without a Victory Cake?"

Monday night, we went to the Capitol Theatre for the Festival of Stars, the performance of Hollywood and Broadway stars which Tex McCrary and Fred Waring had arranged. I thought of the similar performance in Madison Square Garden a year before, and considered it a fitting way to bring the campaign to an official close.

Washington at Inauguration time was jammed. Even though we had reserved seats in *Section C*, directly in front of the platform, we had to leave the hotel an hour before the ceremonies began, to get there on time. Our

section was designated for friends of the President. In front of me sat Thomas Watson, Sr., president of International Business Machines. It occurred to me that IBM was a long way from a boneless turkey, and I wondered if somebody had put me in the wrong section. I also saw William Robinson and his wife, close friends of President Eisenhower. They tried to speak to me, but they were too overwhelmed by emotion to do more than wave. I nodded to them in return for the same reason.

Of the thousands who were present, I am sure I was the most thrilled when Dwight D. Eisenhower took the oath of office. This was the greatest honor the country could bestow on him. He was now the Number One citizen of the nation; he had been Number One with me for a long time, and now the Presidency, which I had wanted for him for a dozen years, was his. I sat there during the ceremony and his speech, too tear-filled to see clearly, but happier than I had ever been in my life.

Busses were waiting to take us to the reviewing stand at the White House. Because of the crowds and the tight schedule, there was no time to eat, and we were given box lunches. Sammy Kaye was in our bus, and Jinx, and all of us chattered excitedly. The reviewing stand was another occasion for reunions. I talked with Harry Butcher, the General's naval aide in Europe, with John Moaney, one of his cooks and now his personal valet, and John Hunt, who worked with Moaney. The surprise was seeing Mickey McKeogh, the General's orderly during the war. Mickey had worked as manager of the bar at my restaurant, then had gone to California to work in the advertising department of Harry Butcher's radio station. Mickey told me that at first he feared he might not be able to attend the Inauguration because of the cost of the trip. General Eisenhower heard of it and paid all of Mickey's expenses so that he

could be in Washington at this important moment. Thus I realized again that with Eisenhower a man's income and position don't mean as much as his loyalty and friendship.

The parade lasted for hours. President Eisenhower startled the Secret Service men every few minutes by stepping forward to shake hands with dignitaries in the parade, and I heard one agent say: "If it's going to be like this for the next four years, we'll all be nervous wrecks."

Marge and I left the reviewing stand around six to go back to the hotel to dress for the reception, but the parade passed directly below us and we didn't miss anything. We attended the reception at the National Armory. Marge looked beautiful in the gown she had designed especially for the occasion, and I was well pleased with myself in my tails. Escorting guests to their boxes were young men from the War Department and daughters of Senators and Representatives. Marge drew such a handsome escort that on the way to the box she whispered to me: "Marty, you've got influence; see if you can get this dream to spend the evening with us."

"Okay," I said, "provided I can keep this girl with me."

But neither of us had any luck and our escorts deserted us as soon as we reached the box.

The auditorium was packed and it was impossible to dance. We remained at our box most of the evening, chatting with friends who struggled by, and eventually taking our turn to go up to the balcony to shake hands with the President and Mrs. Eisenhower. Early in the evening, the Eisenhowers left to attend the second reception at the Georgetown University gymnasium. Marge and I stayed on until after midnight, then went to our hotel for a few hours sleep before hurrying back to New York where I was scheduled to appear on Tex McCrary's morning radio show and talk about the Inauguration.

The next year sped by. I was busy at my work, and about once a month I went down to Washington on business. Always I dropped by the White House to chat with campaign workers who had joined the President's staff. If the President weren't too busy, I'd have a few minutes with him, or I'd visit for an hour or so with Mrs. Eisenhower. Marge and I were invited down for the Easter Monday lawn party. Once again I watched Secret Service men suffer as the President mingled freely with the thousands of people who wandered all over the grounds. When the crowd got too big, Mrs. Eisenhower, Marge and I went up to the family's private apartment in the White House and watched the party from there.

In October, I was sent an invitation to the President's birthday party at Hershey, Pennsylvania, on the thirteenth. This was a gala affair, given by the Republican Party Financial Committee to raise funds. Six thousand people attended, at $100 each. The party started with a fried chicken box lunch in the stadium and was followed by a show arranged by Tex McCrary and Fred Waring. Decorating the stage was a huge cake made of wood; miniatures of it were given to guests as souvenirs. During the party, Mrs. Eisenhower asked me to try to get several souvenirs for her grandchildren. I thought this would be easy until I learned how carefully they were distributed, one to a guest, but being a former mess sergeant I had merely to reach into my scroungeful past and go to work. By resorting to tactics just short of theft, I managed to get three of the small cakes, one for each of the children. It was like old times.

On December 8, President Eisenhower addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations. Marge and I were in the UN lobby when, escorted by Madame Pandit of

India, then president of the Assembly, the President came through. He saw me and waved hello. Then he saw Marge. He stopped, turned, and came toward us. Suddenly he realized that he had walked away from Madame Pandit. He gasped, clapped his hand to his mouth like a boy caught at the cookie jar, and trotted to catch up with Madame Pandit. Reporters immediately rushed to us and asked who I was.

"I'm a cook," I said.

"Do you know the President?" they asked.

"He's a friend of my wife," I said.

After the speech, we were again in the lobby when the President came through. This time, he stopped and shook hands and we chatted for a moment. I asked him to give our regards to Mrs. Eisenhower.

"You'll be seeing her soon," he said.

A few days later, we received an invitation to attend a formal reception at the White House on January 12, 1954. Such invitations, I knew, were social prizes in Washington. The First Family's parties at the beginning of the Capitol's social season always started off a round of other parties which ran until summer. Whether or not you were invited to the White House often decided your social fate for the rest of the Washington season. Most important, this was the first reception of the year; others for specific branches of the government and diplomatic corps would follow, but this one was strictly for society. I certainly had no social future in Washington to worry about. But Marge was excited, and for that reason I was glad we had been invited. I dug out my tails and Marge designed a gown for herself, and off to Washington we went.

A thousand people had been invited. Guests started arriving at eight o'clock and, after a quick eye from Secret Service men, were led into the East Ballroom. There we

were lined up in pairs, first come first served. Everyone—including the Snyders—were obviously delighted that they were about to meet the Eisenhowers. About nine o'clock, the line started moving through the small room where President and Mrs. Eisenhower waited to shake hands with the guests. By ten o'clock, the hand-shaking was over and we had all been channeled through to the West Ballroom where punch and cakes were served. Later, there was to be dancing in the East Ballroom for forty-five minutes, and then everybody was supposed to go home. When I thought about it, I felt this certainly was a big production for what actually amounted to very little of the punch, cakes, dancing, and the Eisenhowers.

Shortly after ten o'clock, a Secret Service man came up to me in the West Ballroom and said: "The President and Mrs. Eisenhower would like you and your wife to join them in the apartment upstairs."

We followed the man upstairs and when we entered the living room Mrs. Eisenhower greeted us with: "Well, what do you think of a White House reception?"

"It's very nice," Marge said, guardedly.

Mrs. Eisenhower laughed and said: "Oh, really! The reason I asked you to come was so that you could see for yourself how dull these things are."

We all laughed and Marge and I felt better. Mrs. Eisenhower said: "People don't attend receptions to see us, just each other."

"We didn't," I said.

"I know," said Mrs. Eisenhower, "and I'm grateful."

Mrs. Elivera Doud, Mrs. Eisenhower's mother, was in the room. The five of us sat down and began to talk. The President was interested in my business and I told him how well things were going. I knew he must be tired after

shaking all those hands, so I kept an eye on the clock. After a half hour, Mrs. Eisenhower said: "Marge, you've never really seen the White House, have you? Would you like a tour?"

Marge said she'd love it, and the three women left the room.

Alone, the President and I relaxed. It was only a matter of minutes when we were talking politics. He said: "I was elected on a platform of the things I wanted to get done in Washington and a lot of Congressmen were elected at the same time because they supported me. But, Marty, I sometimes think that everybody on Capitol Hill is determined I won't get my legislation through. I'm having trouble fulfilling my promises to the voters who sent me here."

In a year, the President had learned a lot about Washington. He was no longer the amateur he admitted being in Abilene. He had discovered that many of the bills which pass Congress must first be political footballs in the cloakroom, that a great number of the laws in this country grow not out of what might be best for the people but out of what patronage there might be for the men who vote for it. Countless thousands in this country are on Federal payrolls because their senators swapped votes for the jobs and doled them out to local supporters. Often those votes were against a bill some senators wanted crushed, but the payoff was the same: patronage. The St. Lawrence Seaway bill provided an excellent case in point. Business men who were afraid the seaway would take commerce from Eastern and Southern ports pressured their senators into voting against the bill, and to assure its failure some senators made cloakroom deals with other senators whose votes would assure its defeat. The fact that the Mid-west would profit

immeasurably in many ways from the seaway was unimportant. A remarkable exception to such cloakroom compromises was Democratic Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts. Because the seaway threatened to detour business from Boston, he should have been against the bill. But Kennedy went to his people, explained that he was for the bill not only because of the improvements it meant to the Mid-west but also because he felt it would eventually bring benefits to Boston, too, and then returned to Washington to vote for it. You don't find many senators like that. Washington could use a few more.

The President and I also discussed Senator McCarthy. He said: "Anybody who doesn't know where I stand on McCarthyism doesn't want to know. The Senator's conduct itself is something for the Senate to handle. I refuse to become involved in a name-calling slugfest with anybody; Marty, you know me well enough to know that. You get nowhere in this town or anywhere else shouting and pounding on desks, and I refuse to have any part of it."

A Washington situation had come to my attention that I wanted to tell the President. It concerned the agency responsible for the maintenance of government buildings. In his efforts to turn as much as possible of the government's business back to private enterprise, President Eisenhower had instructed his cabinet that private companies interested in taking over government projects should be invited to offer bids for the job. A New York friend of mine had studied the building maintenance situation and prepared a report in which he estimated that the work could be done for twenty million dollars less than the maintenance budget at that time. When bids were requested for the maintenance of the Pentagon, my friend's was the lowest, but all bids were refused. A spokesman for the Government Service

Administration, the agency responsible for building maintenance, announced that the bids showed that the government could continue cleaning the Pentagon at $300,000 a year less than private industry offered to do the job. This was a bold lie. The truth was that the GSA was cleaning the Pentagon once a week, whereas the specification for bids stipulated that the building should be cleaned five times a week. Obviously, even building maintenance was political, offering a chance for patronage jobs to any politician who owed rewards to his friends. The fact that taxpayers were being burdened with an additional twenty million dollars annually was unimportant.

I told all this to the President and he took down the names of everyone involved. I learned a few weeks later that the men responsible for refusing the bids and making the false statements had been leftovers from the Truman administration and had been eased out of their jobs and announcements were made to the industry that bids would be requested again. Of course I wasn't jubilant over the fact that I had cost a few men their livelihoods but I was pleased to see how fast the President had acted to get rid of a miserable situation and to learn that he was ready to listen to anybody who went to him with a legitimate problem, even guys like me.

In the cab going back to the hotel, Marge started laughing to herself.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"My feathers," she said.

The gown she had designed was covered with red feathers, some of which had been crushed by the reception crowd and were loose.

"What about your feathers?" I asked.

"When Mrs. Eisenhower and her mother were showing

me the White House," she said, "I noticed that I got a little ahead of them, coming down a hall. I turned around, and there they were picking up the feathers that had fallen out of my dress. I was so embarrassed, Marty, I didn't know what to say, but Mrs. Eisenhower saved me from trying to apologize. She handed the feathers to me and said, 'Marge, you're molting!' "

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Mamie

WHEN THE EISENHOWERS RETURNED TO COLUMBIA University after the Chicago convention, Mrs. Eisenhower telephoned my wife's office. "Marge," she said, "I haven't a thing to wear for the campaign. Can you bring some summer dresses up to the house and help me make a selection?"

"Of course," Marge said. "What size do you wear?"

"Twelve."

Marge hesitated a moment. Her professional eye had estimated Mrs. Eisenhower to be a size fourteen. "All right," she said. "I'll be there in an hour." She loaded a cab with an assortment of summer dresses, size twelve and, to play safe, size fourteen. Then, with a fitter, she hurried uptown to Morningside Heights.

All day the three women worked together, and by late afternoon Mrs. Eisenhower had made five selections, size fourteen. The fitter had pinned them up to perfection, Marge wrote up the bill, Mrs. Eisenhower gave her a check and Marge marked the bill paid. Back at her office, Marge handed the check to her boss, who said: "This is one check I'm not going to cash."

"And I want to keep the bill," said Marge. "Not every New York designer can say that the First Lady owns five of her creations."

It has always meant a great deal to me that Marge and Mrs. Eisenhower should be good friends. On our visits to Morningside Heights and later to the White House, I al-

ways got a big charge out of glancing across the room at the two of them and seeing them talking away like two housewives at a back fence. I had, of course, known of Mrs. Eisenhower long before I actually met her. During the war, the General spoke of her often, referring to her as "the Boss." He was as faithful in his regular letters to her as any homesick GI, and choosing presents for her at Christmas or on her birthday, and their anniversary, July 1, were big events for him. I sensed she must be a terrific person to provide so much happiness for such an exceptional man.

My first meeting with her proved I was right. Charm and warmth were like rainbows around her. She welcomed me to Morningside Heights as if I were the oldest friend she had. I was immediately at home with her and as the years passed I discovered that I was always just as eager to see her on each visit as I was to see the General. Years before, the General had told me that Mrs. Eisenhower wasn't a good cook, that she avoided kitchens as much as she could and that he did most of the cooking for the family. But I learned for myself that her skill as a hostess more than made up for her lack of culinary talent.

Though I never heard her complain about it, Mamie Eisenhower has always regretted that she never had the opportunity to be a Mrs. Suburbia, with a home of her own. Married to a soldier, she has spent most of her life in government-owned houses on military posts. New assignments every few years for the General meant packing and moving to still another house she could not call her own. The house at Morningside Heights was owned by Columbia University, the house in Paris was rented from the French, and now she lives in the White House, the fish-bowl of the nation, where hundreds of tourists wander through the halls everyday. That is why Mrs. Eisenhower

loves the family farm at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. For the first time, after forty years of marriage, she has a home where she decides on the furniture, chooses the curtains, picks out the china and worries about the garden. She spends as much time there as possible, even though the President cannot always be with her. But then, in a way, she has grown used to loneliness: the war and important assignments have kept the General away from her for too many of their married years.

Perhaps their many separations explain the tenderness which exists between them when they are together. I often have had to smile at the President's conduct towards his wife. He is almost facetiously attentive, always at her side, waiting on her with a teasing smile that hints at some private joke between them. An amusing picture was taken of them when, in June, 1955, they returned to West Point to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his graduation. As he paraded across the grounds with his classmates, he saw Mrs. Eisenhower on the sidelines, applauding with other viewers. He took off his hat and bowed low to her as he passed, as if she, not he, were the commander in chief.

In a way, she is. One evening when we were all sitting around chatting, she happened to mention that she had just ordered a new dress that cost $125.

"Isn't that an awful lot of money for one dress?" asked the President, like any husband. He frowned, but there was laughter in his eyes.

"Not at all, is it, Marge?" Mrs. Eisenhower replied, turning to my wife. Marge agreed. "Besides," continued Mrs. Eisenhower, "don't worry about it. I'll get it into the budget somehow."

"I hope so," the President said. "Remember, you're the boss of the money, and if anything goes wrong it's your fault."

It strikes a lot of people as impossible that a First Lady should dislike big parties. They forget that Mrs. Truman rarely entertained and that, to avoid White House pressures, Mrs. Roosevelt traveled constantly. Those pressures are unbearable, even for the most social-minded woman. The parties are bad enough, but adding to the demands on a First Lady's time are countless conventions, civic clubs, church organizations and philanthropic groups, all of which send delegations to the White House to call on her. Washington wives, too, give her no peace, for Washington functions are only considered important when a member of the First Family is present. Such schedules might delight the Elsa Maxwells and Perle Mestas, but to women who prefer home life, they are nerve-wracking and physically exhausting.

At the Morningside Heights Sunday teas, Mrs. Eisenhower was always charming and relaxed, but I remember her reaction to the crowds at the first big reception during the 1952 Chicago convention. When she saw the mob, she took me aside and said: "Marty, I don't know if I'll be able to take this. Crowds always make me weak all over, and when they're indoors like this I'm all nerves. Is there anything you can do?"

I did what I could. I roped off the section where the Eisenhowers were to receive the guests, and this at least kept the line narrow and in order. Then I got a pedestal and put it behind Mrs. Eisenhower so that she could lean back when she got tired. Several times during the reception I stopped the line to give the Eisenhowers a moment's rest, and though I suggested that Mrs. Eisenhower sit out a couple of hundred guests, she refused. At subsequent campaign receptions I made similar arrangements in order to make the ordeal easier on her.

In Washington, she has managed the situation for herself, by cutting down the number of receptions. Ordinarily,

there are dozens of such receptions during the winter, usually one for each government agency. The Eisenhowers have doubled up on the agencies and held as many as three receptions a week. Economy-wise, Mrs. Eisenhower told Marge and me: "It saves money, too. By having three parties a week we can use the same flowers and decorations, and we don't waste so much time having the whole house polished up for each party."

Once, during the campaign, I witnessed another example of her respect for hard-earned money. The General was on the West Coast and was scheduled to meet Mrs. Eisenhower and the campaign train in New Orleans. When the train arrived in the city, the local Citizens For Eisenhower came aboard and told her that a suite was awaiting her at the Roosevelt Hotel.

"You people have worked too hard to raise that money to spend it on a hotel suite for me," she said. "I'm perfectly comfortable here on the train; I have everything I need. Please cancel the reservation."

Like all grandmothers, Mrs. Eisenhower adores her grandchildren. She has them with her as often as she can, and without them her life lacks a certain glow. She wrote me, almost sadly, from Paris: "Christmas won't mean much to us this year without the children." On one of my visits to Washington, I telephoned her at the White House and learned she had a bad cold. I heard her call to her secretary: "Is that Marty? Tell him to come over." She was in bed, surrounded by medicines, her secretary and her mother. We talked for an hour. She said: "The children have the cold, too. When I didn't want to get up yesterday, they insisted on getting in bed with me. Now everybody's sick." Though she was sorry, of course, that her grandchildren were ill, she sounded pleased that they had shown their affection for her.

She is constantly aware of her wifely obligations. She traveled with the General through most of the campaign and, though she dislikes planes, has flown with him to countless important functions, including the Geneva conference. His desire to be with her as much as possible was evidenced during the Washington three-day air-raid in June of 1955. Though the President was supposed to be hidden away in an emergency shelter for the three days, he waited one night until the reporters assigned to him had gone to their quarters, then got a car and hurried to the Gettysburg farm to be with his wife, dashing back early in the morning before the reporters realized he was away.

Mrs. Eisenhower is constantly demonstrating her desire to help the General in his job. When convention delegates were pouring into Morningside Heights to meet him in 1952, she made a point of meeting each one and entertaining their wives because she knew the General wanted her to. She was genuinely charming and generous with them, despite her personal discomfort among large numbers of strangers. During the campaign, she mixed with voters with what appeared the greatest ease, knowing how important it was that they like her, forgetting her own exhaustion for the General's sake.

On Election Night, she was as nervous as a debutante. When Marge and I went up to the Eisenhower suite in the Commodore Hotel, Mrs. Eisenhower took Marge aside and asked: "Do I look all right, Marge? Is the dress nice?"

"You look lovely," Marge said, "and the dress is fine."

"What about my make-up? Do I have enough? Or too much?"

"It's perfect," Marge assured. "You look wonderful, Mamie, wonderful."

"I hope so," she said nervously and glanced in the mirror again. "Everything must be just right tonight." She

put an arm around Marge and the two of them walked back to the rest of us.

I knew for a long time that Marge wanted to design Mamie Eisenhower's Inaugural gown and, a few weeks before the Inauguration, I mentioned this to her. She was sincerely upset.

"Oh, Marty," she said, "I wish you had said something sooner. Arrangements for the gown have already been made. The owner of a Texas department store who did a lot during the campaign said he wanted to execute the gown and he got another designer to do the sketches. I had nothing to say about it, Marty. I'm terribly sorry. Please tell Marge I wish we had all thought of this sooner. I'd've loved to have her do the gown."

Marge understood. I told her: "There, you see, you're a victim of politics, too."

Mamie Eisenhower has never looked at her present position that way. I am told that when news of his nomination for the Presidency reached General Eisenhower in his Chicago hotel suite, he went immediately to his wife, who was resting in her room.

"I'm so glad, Ike," she said when he told her, "so proud."

He took her hand. "Mamie," he said, "this is the biggest thing that's ever happened to us. It's a tremendous responsibility."

"We'll manage," she said. "We've managed everything so far."

And I am inclined to believe that they will manage everything to come.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Machine Age of Politics

ON MAY 21, 1954, I RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING LETTER:

"Dear Marty:

"I wonder if it would be convenient for you to come to an informal stag dinner on the evening of Tuesday, June fifteenth. I hope to gather together a small group, and I should like very much for you to attend if it is possible for you to do so.

"Because of the informality of the occasion, I suggest that we meet at the White House about half past seven, have a reasonably early dinner, and devote the evening to a general chat. While I am hopeful that you can attend, I realize that you already may have engagements which would interfere. If so, I assure you of my complete understanding.

"I shall probably wear a white dinner jacket, but a business suit will be entirely appropriate.

"With warm regard,

"Sincerely,

"Dwight D. Eisenhower"

I went to Washington early on June fifteenth, in order to have lunch with Charlie Willis, then still assistant to Sherman Adams. Most of the meal was spent in general political conversation, when suddenly Charlie asked:

"Marty, have you given any thought to running for office yourself?"

"Me?" I managed.

"Yes," he said. "The Congressional elections this fall are going to be rough on the Boss. The Administration usually loses in off-year elections, sometimes as much as fifty seats. If that happens to the Boss, he'll have a rough time getting his legislation through."

"I know," I said, "but a Republican wouldn't stand a chance in my district. It's been Democratic for thirty years, first with Sol Bloom and now with young Roosevelt."

"Maybe this year we'll have some luck," Charlie said.

I shook my head. "I'll work for Eisenhower any time, but not for myself."

"But you would be working for Eisenhower," he said.

"I don't know, Charlie," I said. "There just aren't enough Republicans in the 20th New York district to elect a Congressman. Why, there're almost as many Independents as there are Republicans."

"So much the better," Charlie said. "You're an Independent, aren't you, and you should be able to get the Republican endorsement. Everybody knows you in the district. I'd say you've got a good chance, Marty. Besides, what have you got to lose?"

"I'll have to think about this," I said.

"Do that," said Charlie. "People around the White House have already thought about it, and they think it's a good idea."

All afternoon, I paced my hotel room, thinking. There was no question that the President would need a friendly Congress if he wanted to get through his legislative program, and he couldn't expect to have such a Congress if it were in the control of the opposition party. No matter how good his program might be, the opposition would block as

much of it as they could, if only to be able to accuse him later of failing to carry out his campaign promises. Being in Congress would enable me to help the President with his program, and that much was important, but getting into Congress was the first chore, and in my district this was no cinch. It would be even more difficult because of my work in the mayoralty campaign, during which I had expressed my impatience with the county machine. To win a Congressional race, I would, under the present structure of politics, need that machine, and there didn't appear to be much likelihood that I would get its help.

I telephoned Marge in New York and told her of the conversation with Charlie Willis. I heard her sigh heavily. "What do you want to do?" she asked.

"I think at least I ought to look into it," I said.

"You know what's going to happen to your business, don't you?" she asked.

"I didn't say I'd run," I said, "I'll just look into it. I'm going to ask the President tonight what he thinks of it, and if he's for it I'll talk to the district leaders when I get home."

"All right," Marge said. "Anything you want. And here we go again."

Promptly at seven o'clock, I arrived at the White House for the stag dinner. It had occurred to me that since the President said he would be wearing a white dinner jacket everybody else would wear black so that he would stand out in the group. But I was wrong. As the guests gathered in the Blue Room, I observed that I was the only one wearing a black dinner jacket, and I stuck out like a sore thumb. I felt better when Alfred G. Vanderbilt arrived wearing a black jacket because I was no longer so obvious, and he must have felt the same way when he saw me.

As we arrived, we were scrutinized by Secret Service men,

checked off the guest list and taken to the Blue Room. There we were shown a plan of the dining table, with our seats marked, so that there wouldn't be any hunting for our places when the time came to sit down. We were then advised that any discussions during the evening would be off the record, thereby assuring the informality of the evening by allowing us to talk about anything we chose without fear of it getting into the papers. When all the guests had arrived, the President came in. He chatted for a few minutes with each of the fifteen guests, then led us upstairs to his own quarters and into his personal office. Cocktails were served, and for an hour we just sat around chatting. Though President Eisenhower tried not to be the center of attraction, it was inevitable that he was. He showed us around the office, identifying medals, trophies and gifts which had been given to him by the heads of various governments. The conversation drifted then to sports, business and politics.

Apparently, a few of the guests did not know the President too well, and they were obviously impressed by the scope of his knowledge and his interests. Not only did he have countless questions to ask everyone, but he had solid opinions, which he voiced firmly and backed them up with facts. Though the evening was informal it was not disorganized; the guest list had been carefully planned: it included businessmen and educators whom the President wanted to sound out on plans that he had about U. S. foreign and domestic policy. The President showed the men he was well informed, decisive and forthright, and they liked him for it. I was delighted with him. This was a side of him the public rarely saw: crystal clear in his thinking, confident, outspoken, and by the time we went into dinner, shortly after nine, every man in the room had been completely won over.

On the table were framed, five-by-seven color photographs of items on the menu, the white salmon from Maine, chukars, the game bird from Texas. Eisenhower said:

"I want you to know you are my guests tonight, not the taxpayer's. Fortunately, my friends across the country know I like good food and are always sending me some. That way, I'm able to keep these dinners within my personal budget."

As the meal was served, the President talked about the food, telling us where it came from, how it was raised, how it was prepared. As the meal progressed, we turned to lighter subjects of conversation, particularly sports. We discussed hunting, fishing and golf, at all of which the President was an expert, and we took turns telling the jokes we had heard about the hours he spent on the links. He enjoyed the stories as much as we did, then explained that while he played golf he was surrounded by Secret Service men and that he was never more than a few feet from a walkie-talkie which connected him with the White House.

"I wouldn't call that getting away from it all," he said.

After dinner, as everyone finished coffee and cigars, I told the President about Charlie Willis's suggestion that I run for Congress. He didn't seem surprised. "I think it's a good idea, Marty," he said. "Why don't you talk to Herb Brownell and Leonard Hall about it?"

"I will," I said, "but I want to look into things in New York first and get some idea of my chances."

"Keep me informed," he asked.

I promised I would.

When I returned to New York I sent the President a note, thanking him for inviting me to the dinner, and I assured him that the meal was almost as good as if I had cooked it myself. By the time I got home, I had pretty

much made up my mind to try for the Congressional campaign, but I knew it wasn't going to be easy. It would be best, I decided, to start early, and the place to start was to let the district and county leaders know what I had on my mind.

I was in for the surprise of my life. Wherever I went I encountered only indifference, coldness and pessimism. Republican leaders in Manhattan told me repeatedly that my district was traditionally Democratic, which I already knew, and that it was futile to conduct an energetic and probably expensive campaign. This I didn't understand at all.

I told them: "If I run as an Independent with Republican endorsement, I should have as good a chance as any Democrat. A lot of Independents in my district voted for Eisenhower, and they might vote for me, too, knowing I'll support his program."

But it was no use. I simply could not stimulate the local Party leaders to action. But there was more to their lethargy than merely defeatism. Republican leaders of New York County—which is Manhattan—had been pro-Taft in 1952, and it was only through the stern efforts of Tom Dewey, state leader at the national convention, that New York was fully in the Eisenhower column from the beginning of the roll call. With this in mind, I told one of the Manhattan leaders:

"President Eisenhower is going to need a Republican Congress to get his legislation through. Don't you want to help him do that?"

The man replied: "Why should I help Eisenhower? What has he ever done for me? I've sent him dozens of names for Federal appointments in this county, and he hasn't okayed one of them."

So that was it. And it certainly had a familiar sound. I had heard it during the 1952 primaries, during the na-

tional convention, even during the Presidential campaign when diehard Taft supporters refused to work for Eisenhower's candidacy. Nevertheless, I decided that I was still going to try my luck in my district. I didn't care what it would cost me, in any way. I knew that the President would need help in the forthcoming Congress, and that he would certainly get it from me if I was able to put myself in a position to help him. Some people charged that I would be a rubber-stamp Congressman, because of my personal devotion to Eisenhower, and I had to assure them that I'd always believed that a rubber-stamp type of individual was never much good to his friends, that it was out of friendship only that I wanted to be an Eisenhower Congressman. Under such circumstances, if the occasion ever arose when I found myself opposed to any of the President's projects, it would be a matter of conscience, not political enmity.

Of course, all this meant nothing to the Manhattan Republican leaders. As the President had advised me, I went to Washington to discuss my candidacy with Leonard Hall, the National Republican Chairman. Hall said he had been asked by the White House to do what he could for me. He telephoned New York twice, once in my presence, and urged the local bosses to give me the endorsement. But still I did not get it. I learned that the New York GOP brass had informed Washington that I had never been a bellringer for any of their previous candidates, and they felt obliged to give their endorsement to a man they said had worked for them, even though they knew he had no chance of winning. This was the way political machines in either party figured things. It struck me as being stupid. This time it was also costing the President support he needed in Congress, and I couldn't bring myself to let it go by. Furthermore, I felt it was seriously wrong for a political

machine at any level to have the effrontery to reject advice that had apparently come from the White House. The President was the leader of his Party; the national chairman was its spokesman. When county machine bosses refused the instructions of the President and the chairman, they were, I felt, not only weakening the Party but actually ignoring the decisions of policy makers whom voters had put into office to make such decisions. For that matter, the New York leaders repeatedly said they did not believe that President Eisenhower favored my candidacy, and there seemed no way for me to convince them.

During that time I went to Washington on business, and I hoped to have the opportunity to tell the President what kind of men were heading the party in New York County, but it was a Wednesday, his press conference day, and I knew his schedule would be far too crowded to see me. I went to the White House, anyway, just to say hello to others I knew there, and as I entered the Executive Wing several reporters came over to me. Most of them I knew from the campaigns; we joked for a few minutes.

Among them was Roscoe Drummond, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, whose paper had come out in my favor the previous week. Roscoe asked me how my campaign was going and I told him it was going badly.

"Going to get the President's endorsement?" he asked.

"He doesn't mix in politics at the local level; you know that," I said.

"He might for you," said Roscoe.

"I'd never ask him," I said. "I wouldn't want to put him on the spot."

"I'll ask him," Roscoe offered.

"How?"

"There's a press conference in a few minutes. I'll ask him there."

"He'll probably say, 'No comment.' "

"There's only one way to find out," said Roscoe.

Next day, I read in the papers that, during the press conference, Roscoe had asked: "Mr. President, in New York your former Army mess sergeant, Marty Snyder, is running for Congress as an Eisenhower Independent. I wondered if you would say whether you thought he would be a useful member of Congress?"

President Eisenhower replied:

"Well, Marty Snyder, as you said, was a sergeant in my headquarters, he ran the headquarters mess. So far as I know he has been a fine citizen. I don't know anything about him before that moment. He was a good soldier. He certainly got it into his head early to try to make one Eisenhower President of the United States, and stuck with it, and possibly thought he was a bit responsible. Maybe he was. Now, I would deduce from that that he would make a loyal supporter if he were down here in Congress."

With the newspaper hot in my hand, I made the rounds of the county leaders, confident that they would now see how the President felt. But I was wasting my time. The bosses had made up their minds, for any number of obvious reasons, not to give me the endorsement. Without it, I didn't have much of a chance, and as a result of political revenge I was going to be denied the opportunity to work a little harder to help the President.

Infuriated, I wrote a letter to President Eisenhower, who was then in Denver. I told him everything that was going on, sparing no details. His answer, arriving too late for me to use in the primary, was this:

"Dear Marty:

"As you note in your letter, I stated in a press conference some time back that I would be more than glad to see you

in Congress, asserting that I knew in such an instance I would have one additional loyal and tireless supporter. I did this while you were in a primary fight—something that I have not done in favor of any other candidate.

"I am keenly aware of the fact that some years ago you and a number of others began a tireless and persistent campaign to make me President of the United States. I shall never forget the great personal compliment implicit in your action.

"Nevertheless, I cannot fail to remind you, also, that the agreement I finally reached to stand for the Republican nomination in 1952 did not reflect the slightest personal desire or ambition on my part. On the contrary, it was reached only through a sense of duty and respect for the opinions of many thousands of loyal Americans, among whom you were included. So I think it cannot now be concluded that I should violate the political philosophies and procedures by which I am trying to conduct the affairs of this office—including the affairs that pertain to the head of the Republican Party—on the theory that I have political debts to pay to individuals who, like yourself, have given me loyal support for so many years.

"Despite this, when I received a communication from you, some weeks ago, to the effect that the local Republican organization would not endorse you, I immediately asked a trusted friend to determine for me the reason for this. The answer was that you are a registered Democrat and the Republicans didn't see any way for their organization to endorse you when there were what they called 'deserving Party members' who wanted to make the race.

"I know of no way for me to distinguish between two individuals who are seeking local Republican endorsement. I have not done it anywhere in the nation because to do so would be unwarranted interference in a local situation—

with the details of which I could not, of course, be familiar.

"However, I shall again have my friend explore the situation. No matter what the ultimate decision might be on the part of the local people, I do hope there will be a solid front in favor of the Republican candidate whose name appears on the voting machine in New York's 20th Congressional District. Obviously, of course, we should not be splitting the vote against the Democrats.

"Sincerely,
"Dwight D. Eisenhower"

This letter was dynamite, but too late. It showed, however, that I had definitely had the President's endorsement, that he had investigated to determine what was wrong, and that somebody had bluntly lied in telling his investigator that I was an enrolled Democrat. I proved this very simply by going to the Board of Elections, getting out the registration book with my name in it, and having a photostat made of my name as an enrolled Independent, and I sent it to the President.

When the President's letter arrived, the local campaign was already too far advanced for me to gain anything by showing it to the New York leaders. Besides, further action on my part would only have aggravated the situation more, and this I didn't want to do, especially in view of Eisenhower's remarks about the dangers of splitting the Republican vote. Therefore, I withdrew from the race and did what I could for the campaigns of other pro-Eisenhower candidates. Unfortunately, when the votes were finally counted, the Republicans discovered that they had lost. I was very disappointed and somewhat chagrined. I knew that incumbent administrations traditionally lost between forty and fifty Congressional seats in off-year elections. Eisenhower lost only twenty-five. Oddly enough, some Dem-

ocrats won because they purported to be more pro-Eisenhower than their Republican opponents. And it was the truth. The fact that the administration fared as well as it did indicated to me that Dwight Eisenhower was still a very popular President. But the outcome of the election indicated something more, and apparently machine bosses were not sensitive enough to detect it. It was this: the voters showed that they were still for Eisenhower, but also that they would only elect candidates whose record clearly evidenced that they, too, were for Eisenhower, in thought as well as in deed. Sadly, too many machine bosses, still living in the dark ages of Old Guardism, forgot that it was Dwight D. Eisenhower who had brought the Party into power, and they suffered the delusion that just being a Republican would be enough to elect any candidate. It was not.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Ike in '56

WHEN NEWS CAME THAT PRESIDENT EISENHOWER HAD suffered a coronary thrombosis, I was too stunned to believe it. I had seen him just a few weeks before, and he had looked wonderful. He was anticipating his vacation in Colorado, and from newspaper reports of his first weeks in Denver I felt he was enjoying himself as much as he expected he would. I was with friends, that Saturday night in September, 1955, watching television when the program was interrupted with the news bulletin. After that, there was no rest for me. I telephoned newspaper friends for details, I lived near a radio all weekend, I prepared to fly to Denver immediately if there was any indication that there was anything I might be able to do for the family. I put in a call to the White House, but no one there knew more than the rest of the country; apparently the bulletins from Denver, though guarded, were accurate and complete. I did not sleep that Saturday night, nor the next night, and it was only on Monday when the reports indicated that the worst was over that I could bring myself to relax.

Nevertheless, the possibility of losing Eisenhower sent a flutter of panic across the country. That Monday, the New York Stock Market dropped millions of dollars, the biggest decline since the 1929 Crash. Without the man who had created, and then became a symbol of, our national confidence and international harmony, the people appeared to have lost faith in themselves and in their futures. Despite

the fact that each year some 170,000 Americans were victims of coronary thrombosis, people in general knew little about the condition, except that it sounded very serious. It could be, but it was also true that eighty per cent of the persons with coronaries recovered completely and were able to resume their normal lives. I knew that each year the President had had two thorough physical examinations, and if there had been anything wrong with his heart itself it would have been detected. The blood clot could have happened to anyone, at any age, but because it happened to Dwight Eisenhower, the President, it was particularly crucial, because it affected not only a splendid individual, but the entire country, the world.

Immediately upon the realization that Eisenhower would be all right, a question arose: Would he run for re-election in 1956? This was of great concern to the American people; it was of greater concern to the Republican Party. Earlier, Leonard Hall, the GOP National Chairman, when asked what the Party would do if Eisenhower refused to run, said: "When I come to that bridge, I'll jump off it." The President's heart ailment moved a lot of Republicans closer to that bridge. Though Eisenhower had earlier warned the Party not to pin its hopes to one man, the Party was beginning to realize that one man was all it had. To me, Dwight Eisenhower was much more than merely a sure winner for the Republican Party. He was more, too, than just a brilliant executive. His honesty, his sincerity, his personal principles, all of which I had so greatly admired for a dozen years, had brought a new dignity to politics, and this I knew from experience was desperately needed. He was no longer the amateur he was at Abilene; he had learned much. There was a lot he had done and more he wanted to do.

I got an inkling of this a few days before the 1954 Congressional election when Eisenhower had come to New York to address a convention of newspaper editors. He was staying at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. I telephoned Tom Stephens, then the President's appointment secretary, and arranged to get a few moments with Eisenhower. I was with him forty-five minutes. I gave him a run-down on everything that had happened in my campaign and in the local race for governor. He listened without a word, nodding occasionally, shaking his head, muttering low moans.

When I finished, he said: "I told them in Washington how candidates should campaign this year, but they wouldn't listen to me."

"The people of this country listen to you," I said. "Maybe you should have told them."

"You know how I feel about interfering in local politics," he said.

"I do, sir," I said, "but I can't help but feel you might be wrong."

"If local Republican organizations don't know how to pick candidates the people will support, then they don't deserve to win," he said.

"I wasn't thinking of the Republican Party," I said. "I was thinking of you and your legislative program. It's going to be harder for you to get it through now, without men like myself who are a hundred per cent for you."

"I felt my remarks at the press conference indicated how I felt about you," he said.

I told him, "There are a lot of county Republican leaders who are interested only in what they want, not what you want. The local crowd was ready to back a Democratic mayor in New York because it was good for them, though not much good for you or your administration."

"I've heard of such deals even among Congressional candidates," the President said. "And you're right: men like that don't help much with the legislation I promised in 1952. That's something that puzzles me, Marty. The people elect a President and give his party a majority in Congress and then two years later, just when he gets rolling, the voters traditionally swing the other direction and pack Congress with the opposition party members who are determined to ruin his program so that he and his party will look bad when the next election comes around. It doesn't make any difference how good his legislation might be or what he promised the voters; all that matters is that he fails and the opposition has something to point to at the next election. I think a President ought to have his original Congress with him for the full four years of his administration. Then if the people aren't satisfied with the job, they can throw the whole batch out."

"That would be ideal," I said.

"I don't want a rubber-stamp Congress," he said. "It wouldn't be necessary as long as Congress remembered that thirty million people voted for me to do a specific job. But so often off-year elections give a President a spiteful Congress, dead-set to ruin him, and so he's hamstrung for the next two years. The crime is that just for the sake of political victories the voters are denied the legislation they indicated they wanted when they put the President in the White House."

"All of which takes us right back to the primaries," I said. "I think the people would go along with you, sir, if you let them know which candidates you favored."

The 1954 elections taught President Eisenhower a lesson. Asked at a press conference what he thought of politics after two years in office, he replied: "Politics as you

refer to them, in a derogatory sense, no, I don't like politics." And in an address to Congress on January 10, 1955, he said: "Let us have less political fission and more political fusion." And he told a rally of the Citizens For Eisenhower Congressional Committee: "Even though I am not in politics very long, I am completely unmoved by arguments as to what constitutes good and winning politics. . . . I know that what is good for America is politically right."

The change in him, however, and it was a big one, was voiced in a speech to the Republican National Committee, when he said: "We have to pick not only candidates who represent the party, but candidates who represent the people, and we must pick such candidates from aldermen on up."

Evidently he had realized that a successfully functioning administration depends not only on a favorable majority in Congress, but also cooperative political units down to the lowest level of government. I don't think this unity would, as some might fear, produce a dictatorship. There has never been a dictatorship in a country where the dignity of good government attracts honest and principled men. That dignity is threatened in America by machine bosses whose antics have blackened political service so severely that most decent men will have no part of it. The necessity of joining a political machine in order to advance in career politics strikes most men as a form of slavery and they are driven off by a fear of political debts which would destroy their freedom of decision. In many cases, this is the true and sad picture. But the plight is not inescapable. President Eisenhower has proved it. When I told the President that the New York machine was annoyed because he hadn't given Federal appointments to its friends, he said: "You should

have seen the names I was sent. There wasn't a qualified man among them." Obviously, qualifications don't make much difference to the party bosses; patronage does.

Shortly before he left for the Geneva Conference in July, last year, Eisenhower visited with a group of foreign exchange students on the White House lawn, and in his remarks to them he indicated what I believe has been his private motivation throughout his brief political career. He said he was going to Geneva with the hopes that out of the conference would come measures which would provide a more tranquil world for the students than his generation had known. On his Election Night, he spoke of the children who had taken part in the campaign. And on another occasion, when discussing his efforts toward peace, he mentioned his grandchildren and all grandchildren.

It is evident, then, that Dwight Eisenhower is sincerely dedicated to world improvements which will make this a better place for those who are young and those who are yet to be born. I am perfectly aware that this is an old song among politicians, but President Eisenhower is not a politician. He admitted this to me at Abilene, he has publicly said he does not like politics, and in my personal associations with him during the past four years I have observed nothing to indicate any changes in him. During our years in Europe, the General frequently discussed his personal dissatisfaction with the behavior of both parties at home. Republicans, he said, had drifted into isolationism, Democrats had wandered into a welfare state. By 1952, both parties had solidified their desolate positions, and it was only because he felt that people trusted in his ability to bring the country to the middle-of-the-road and hold that position that Eisenhower attempted to win the Presidency. He had not "the slightest desire or ambition" for the Presidency, he wrote me, and he meant it. This armed

him perfectly for the job facing him, free of political entanglements, free of any longings for fame, money or a place in history; all those he already had.

And what kind of job has he done?

The country is at peace. In view of the difficult situations which have occurred at Formosa and Indo-China, the uneasy settlement at Korea and the Cold War which spasmodically boils up, this peace is a fabulous achievement, and it has been maintained without any loss of American dignity anywhere in the world.

The country is enjoying its first peacetime prosperity in thirty-five years. Wages are up, employment is up, inflation is gone, taxes are held in check, in some cases are lower. Despite the predictions of the doom-and-gloom Democrats two years ago, the country is in good shape. Adding to the country's general improvement has been the ending of racial segregation, and as soon as a few Southerners get around to reading the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution this blight will be removed from America's history. A sizable portion of Eisenhower's campaign platform has been accomplished, and if his plans for better highways, for better schools, for hospital care for the indigent, for changes in the Taft-Hartley Bill and for a stable defense program all remain incomplete it is because of legislation complications atop Capitol Hill, not at the White House.

On June 7, 1955, he expressed this view when he told the graduates of West Point:

"We learned long ago from examples of those leaders we admire that bad deportment is never to be confused with strength of character. If a man is sure of himself and the integrity of the processes he has used to reach his decisions, he can be strong, but he can be mild.

"In the life we find outside of the Armed Services, there

seems to be a prevalent notion that if you call enough names, if you hammer enough desks, that you are a great leader. I could cite examples all through our history. And I do say this: I believe that if we have found a man who has had to resort to desk-pounding—if he were a great leader, he was in spite of that habit and not because of it."

That is the Eisenhower I have known: strong but mild, firm but understanding, forceful but patient, cool and decisive at his desk, warm and genuine away from it, a man who judges others by what they do, not by what they say.

After the 1954 elections, *Saga* Magazine asked me to write an article about my adventures in politics. In it, I included suggestions for changes in our present political structure, ideas gained from my own experience or from talks with President Eisenhower. I mentioned the need for a four-year term Congress and a national primary law which would assure equal opportunities for anyone entering politics, whether or not he belonged to a Party or had Party endorsement. I sent a copy of the article to the President, and he commented: "I wish I knew the magic formula." There is a magic formula, and no one has had greater success with it than Eisenhower; for no one else has it reacted so favorably whenever he went to it with any of his problems, and it will, I am sure, continue to work for him. The people are the magic.

Looking back to 1948, when I first began my serious efforts to put General Eisenhower into the White House, I find I must admit that it has not all been fun. There were, first, the minor shocks of discovering that even the professional politicians who favored Eisenhower lacked his courage to speak openly against enemies, no matter on which side of the political fence they might be. There were, too, the many lonely nights on the road, when local pro-Eisen-

hower people went home to their families and there was nothing for me to do but go to the movies or sit in hotel rooms watching television or reading a book; Marge could always sense those nights because I always dreaded hanging up when I telephoned her long distance. And there was my business, which suffered because I was away so much. There were the many thousands of dollars I spent and borrowed in order to continue the crusade that was so important to me. But when I think of what President Eisenhower has achieved, against tremendous odds, in four short years, and when I realize what he can achieve in the next four, I feel more than repaid in all ways. My returns have been great. I live in a prosperous country where I am free to pursue my personal desires without any fears of sudden catastrophe of any kind, without dreading government intrusions into my private business or private life, without the uneasiness that tomorrow might bring war or bankruptcy. I could not say that four years ago.

What I can say four years from now depends entirely on this man in whom I have such faith. Prior to Eisenhower's heart attack, there was no doubt in anyone's mind about the tenancy of the White House in the next term. It would be his if he wanted it. I felt then that he did want it, but only because he knew he could not retire to private life while so much remained to be done. His illness made many people wonder if he could undertake the big job ahead, and in their doubts they began to look around for someone else. Those doubts indicated to me that people weren't aware of a great change Eisenhower had wrought in the White House: he had taken the Presidency out of the category of a one-man job. As a military man, Eisenhower knew the commonder in chief didn't win wars all by himself; he took this attitude with him into the Presi-

dency. He surrounded himself with a reliable and experienced team. He chose a cabinet of executives, not politicians. He made the top-level decisions and set the policies, and he trusted his staff to carry out his ideas without constant supervision from him. This had never happened before in the history of the Presidency. It worked so well that the cabinet and the National Security Council were able to continue their work while he was recuperating from his coronary thrombosis. And it was almost revolutionary that, for the first time, the Vice President should substitute for the President during his absence. But in the Eisenhower philosophy of government, this was merely team work. The importance of it became especially clear to me when I read in President Truman's memoirs that he had no idea of what was going on in the White House, even the A-bomb development, when he inherited the Presidency. Yet he did not complain about this. He said he felt the Vice President, as president of the Senate, associated with the shrewdest politicians in the country, and therefore he should have no knowledge of important policies or programs which he might use to his own political advantage or which might be needled out of him by his cunning confrères. Truman also cited several Vice Presidents who were constantly at odds with their Presidents and were never taken into top-level confidence. This might explain why we've had some bad luck with our Vice Presidents who inherited the White House, but it does not excuse the traditional mismanagement of the office which is, by its very nature, so important to the country. President Eisenhower, aware of this, has had Vice President Nixon at all meetings of the cabinet and National Security Council, has kept him informed of legislation which Nixon is expected to manipulate through the Senate, and has sent him on important diplomatic

missions to foreign countries. To me, this is as it should be. And, also as it should be, Eisenhower has demonstrated the same trust and reliance in the intelligence and integrity of others he has appointed to work with him in the Executive Branch of the government. This is an attitude toward government which we cannot afford to lose at this delicate moment in history, and which we would lose if the country were turned back to the clubhouse politicians.

People have asked me if I, as Eisenhower's friend, would want him to campaign for re-election at the possible risk of his life. Of course not. I love the man, and I want him to live. But there has been no indication as yet that such a risk is involved. Therefore, it strikes me as prematurely pessimistic or optimistic, depending on which side you are, to consider Eisenhower out of the running. Others have suggested to me that Eisenhower could continue to be of value to the country simply by sitting in a rocking chair at his farm and occasionally giving advice to his hand-picked successor. That is wishful thinking. Should the Democrats win in 1956, I doubt if they will consult Mr. Truman on matters of policy, anymore than the Republicans of the present administration have consulted Herbert Hoover, or the Anthony Eden government has consulted Winston Churchill. In politics, when a man is out of his position of authority, he is also out of the picture. He may get occasional hearings in the press and he can spout off in any book he cares to write, but nobody will listen to him. Out of office, he is out of influence. At this critical hour of our country's life, we cannot risk the loss of Dwight Eisenhower's influence.

It has been suggested, too, that perhaps Eisenhower cannot tolerate the rigors of a Presidential campaign. I think this is something else we will have to wait and see

about. In my humble opinion, the medium of television, which allows a man to enter practically every home in the country, would provide more effective campaigning than whistle-stopping the backroads from coast to coast. For that matter, I've often wondered how many votes of televiewers were swayed by the cheers of the few thousand who jammed auditoriums to hear rally speeches. I feel people are beginning to realize that it is the man and what he says and thinks that makes the difference, not where or when he expresses himself. If Eisenhower does not want to undergo the hardships of campaign traveling, the coaxial cable can do the traveling for him. And if rallies are considered essential, the Citizens For Eisenhower can do that job, as we did it before.

When the President was well enough to return to his personal mail, I wrote him my feelings. Certainly, top Republicans were at his elbow with their feelings, but repeatedly during our dozen years of friendship Eisenhower has turned around and asked me how I felt about a specific issue. I knew he didn't do this because he believed I was particularly well-informed or influential, but rather because he knew I was his friend and would speak honestly and openly; he took my opinions for whatever he felt they were worth, as he did with everyone else. I therefore considered it within the province of our friendship to write him as I did.

I said that I felt the White House was still his if he wanted it, that I hoped he did, that it would be wise to withhold his campaign intentions until he was confident of his recovery, rather than surrender such plans prematurely, and I urged him to share more of his official and social Presidential duties with the splendid team he had assembled, thereby leaving only the burden of urgent de-

cisions to the man who could best make them—himself.

Dwight D. Eisenhower has been an excellent President; he has been an excellent friend. I intend to go on working to have him remain both.

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